No. 180
Jan. '76
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MORE

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)

ARTIST & WRITER: DON MARTIN

NUMBER 180 JANUARY 1976

MAD

"A rolling stone gathers no moss . . . but it always ends up at the bottom of the hill!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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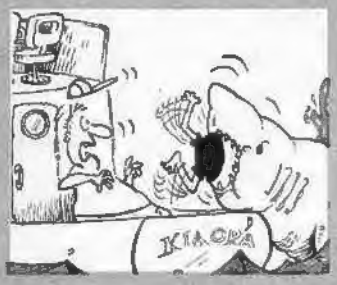

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LETTERS DEPT.

DAVIS'S TRACKS STARS COVER

Delightful cover by Davis! Micrin Minestrone's gang and Hercules Pirouette's confronting each other is a classic concept, too. I'll pick Sean Connery over James Caan in the preliminaries.

Bud Blake
Damariscotta, Maine

Jack Davis' *smashing* cover was a tantalizing preview to the marvelous "double feature" inside. MAD has selected the important movies unerringly!

Carol Worthington
Hollywood, Calif.

THE ODD FATHER PART, TOO!

Larry Siegel had great command of his narrative in "The Odd Father Part, Too!" and the tone and sensitivity of Mort Drucker's flashbacks bridged the gap from drawing board to director's chair.

Bruce Hamilton
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Mort Drucker outdid himself with his second "Odd Father" triumph. He portrayed Micrin sullen and alone whether in the press of festive or patronizing crowds, or in his total abject solitude. If anything, Mort heightened the intensity of Al Pacino's screen role.

Jerry Sinkovec
Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin

I'd be curious to know what actor Al Pacino thought of Larry Siegel's masterful "The Odd Father Part, Too!" story . . .

Ira Matetsky
Baldwin, N.Y.

We don't know about his reaction to the story, but we're sure he looked at the pictures!—Ed.

Mort Drucker did cluster upon cluster of captivating secondary characters. They were a joy to linger over, upon my third reading!

Rodney Smith
Kalamazoo, Mich.

After Sunday dinner, we stayed at the table, family style, digesting Larry Siegel's devastating lines and pointing out Drucker's likenesses of Troy Donahue, Robert Duvall, Talia Shire and Abe Vigoda. Abe Vigoda . . . ?

Robin Scarpitto
Merced, Calif.

Why wait for novelist Mario Puzo and Director-Producer Francis Ford Coppola to do "Godfather III"? Let Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker start without them!

Harvey King
Brooklyn, N.Y.

ONE DAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA

Don Martin's "One Day In South Dakota" was quite ear-regular!

Steve Zegarelli
Utica, N.Y.

Don Martin sure knows how to build up to a monumental gag!

Shawn Fitzgerald
San Diego, Calif.

A Monumental Ear-Regularity

Don Martin's animated clean-up crew on Mount Rushmore reminded me of the busy little Lilliputians swarming over Gulliver. Well, Don Martin always gives me a Swift kick!

Donna Zwerin
New York, N.Y.

THE MAD ECONOMICS PRIMER

Stan Hart's "MAD Economics Primer" is so expressive of today's economic problems, maybe it'll help bring about *some* change. As for Al Jaffee's draw-it-like-it-is illustrations for the Primer, that's exactly what Russia and Saudi Arabia did to Uncle Sam!

James Tuck
Hialeah, Fla.

That's Exactly What They Did!

Your "MAD Economics Primer" wasn't the least bit funny. It was too revealing and too true to be funny.

Myron Bennett
La Grange, Ill.

LIGHTER SIDE OF GARDENING

Dave Berg had his ear to the ground in "The Lighter Side Of Indoor And Outdoor Gardening". He's all thumbs on *any* subject. Green thumbs!

Arlene Chapman
Chicago, Ill.

You never know where Dave Berg will sprout up. He's a blooming idiot with a very fertile mind!

Andee Cole
Marina Del Rey, Calif.

Dave Berg, A Blooming Idiot

Very amusing realities about gardening. Gave me a burst of energy to attend to my own overgrown backyard!

Loretta Velona
Maywood, N.J.

MUDDLE ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

I saw in the papers that Agatha Christie has decided to kill off Hercule Poirot after what Lou Silverstone and Angelo Torres did to him in "Muddle On The Orient Express". Who can blame her?

Tim Dunn
Worcester, Mass.

Engineers Lou Silverstone and Angelo Torres kept the "Orient Express" on the laugh track!

Brendan Kavanagh
Flushing, N.Y.

Angelo Torres and Lou Silverstone committed the perfect crime and there was no visible weapon, as evidence, because I died laughing!

Timothy O. Lane
Baldwin Park, Calif.

ROLLERBALL RECALLS BASEBRAWL

Hey, Clods! Methinks movie producer Norman Jewison was inspired by Al Jaffee's "The MAD Game Of Basebrawl", issue #167. Of course, he added some refinements and called his movie "Rollerball".

Jon Kull
Arvada, Colo.

"Rollerball" will be served up soon by Angelo Torres and Stan Hart.—Ed.

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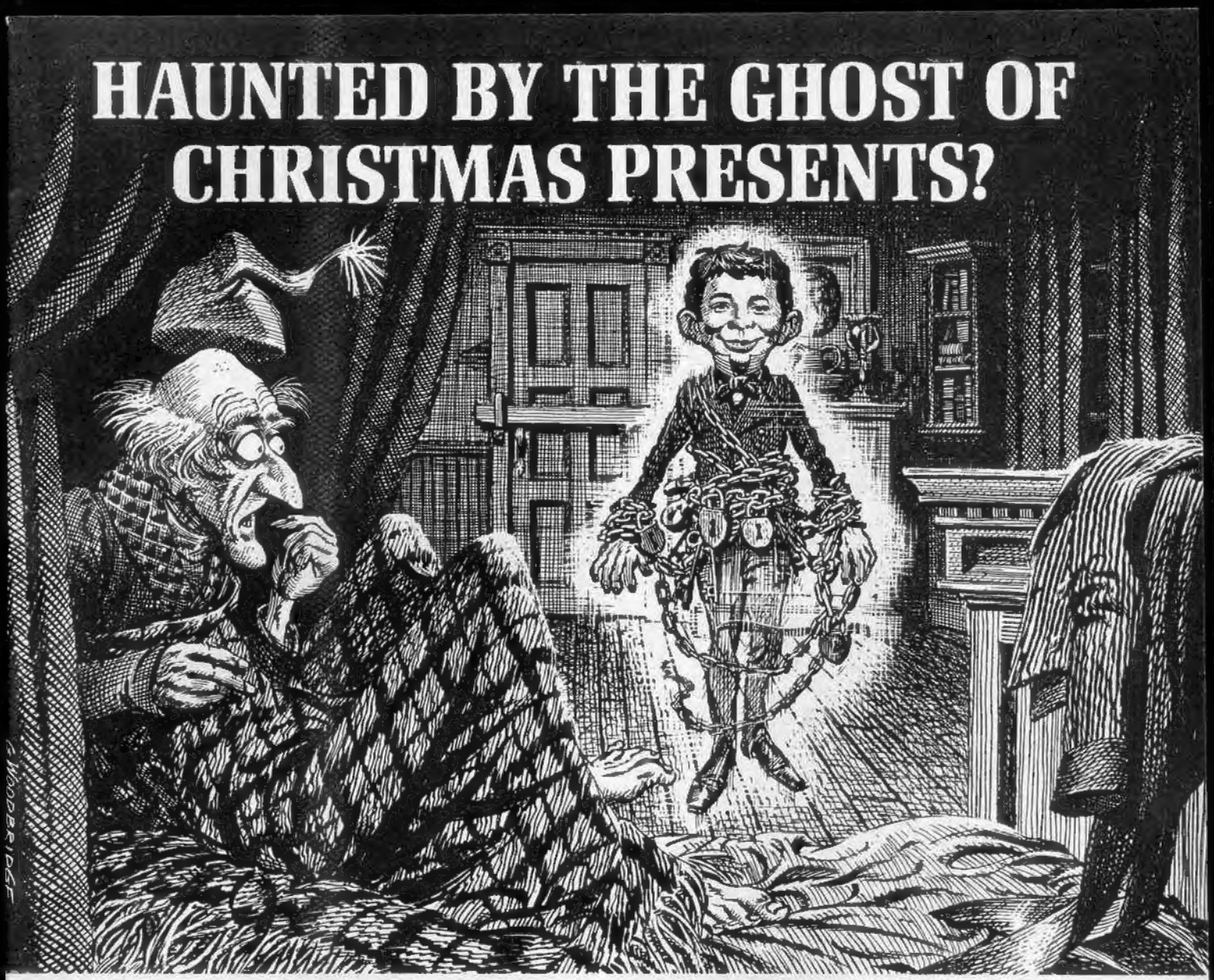

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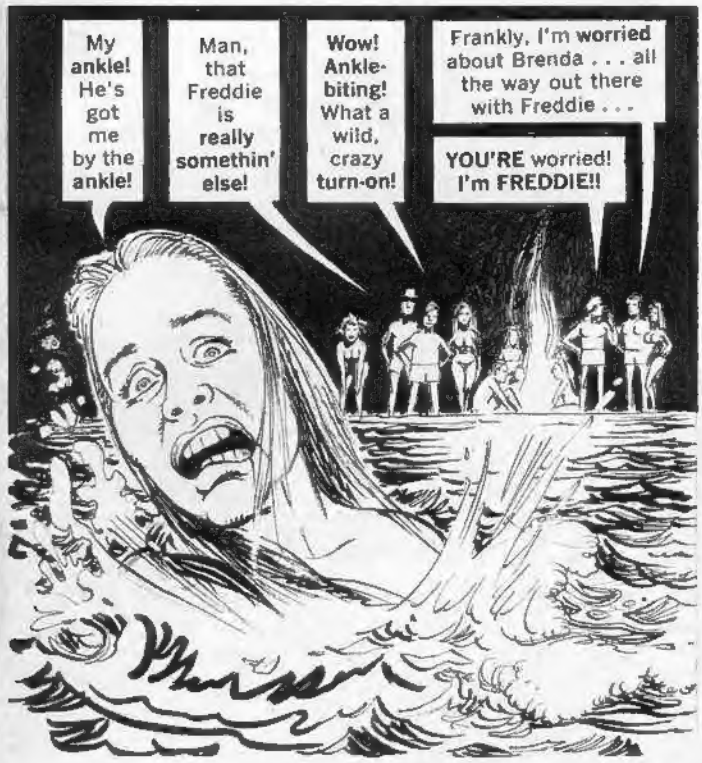
PLAYING IT FOR SHARK VALUE DEPT.

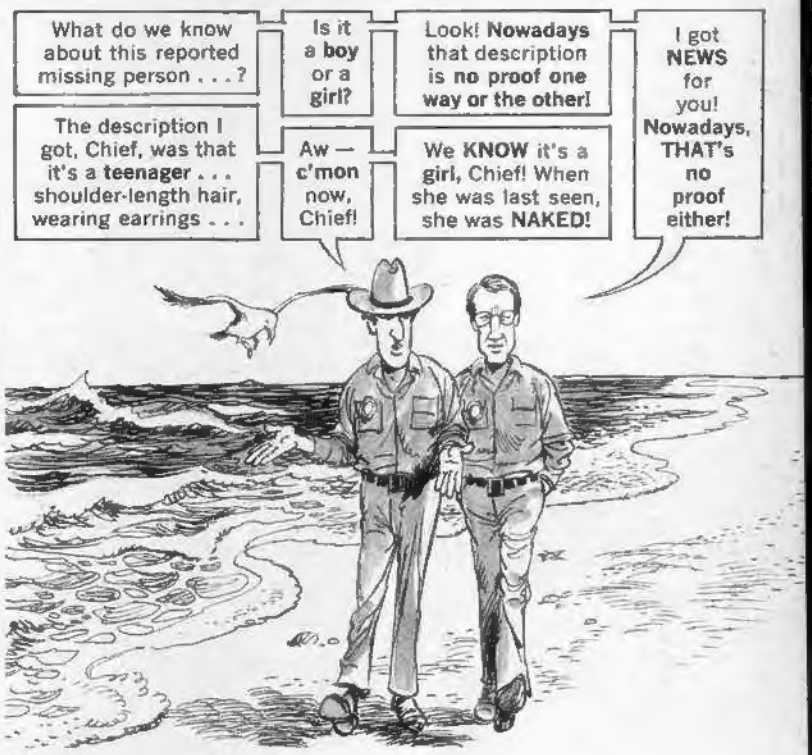
There's a sick new trend in movies! It started with "Airport", continued with "Towering Inferno", sunk to a low with "Earthquake" and has now reached the depths with the movie that's REALLY packing 'em in, the one about a giant shark that terrorizes a summer community! Yep, it's obvious that people get their kicks out of seeing other people die . . . in every horrible way possible, which includes being . . .

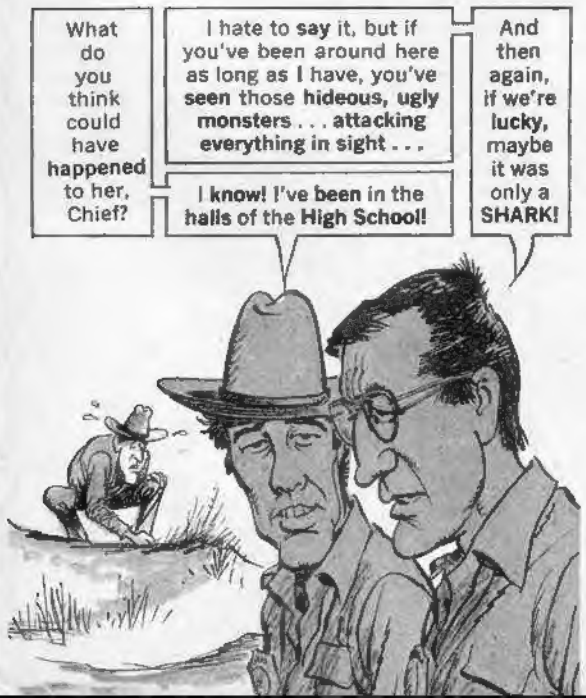
JA

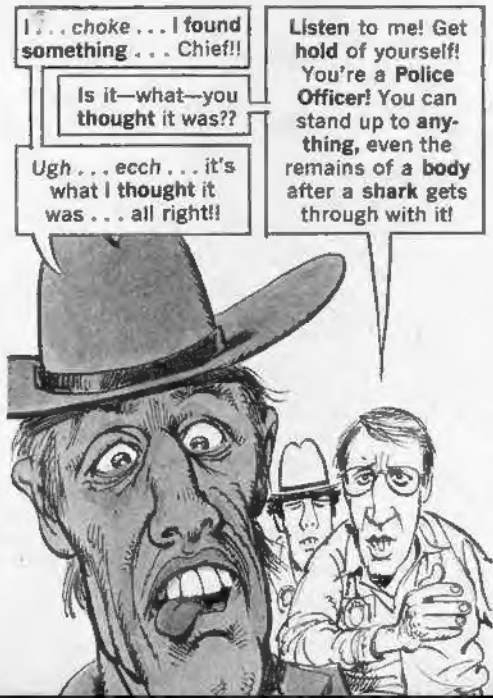
AW'D

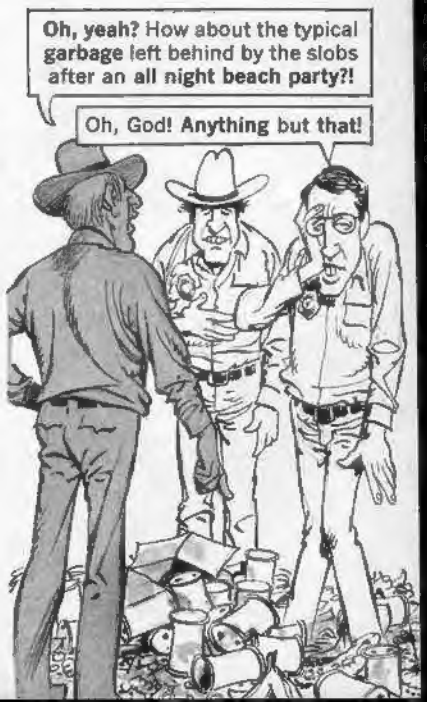
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



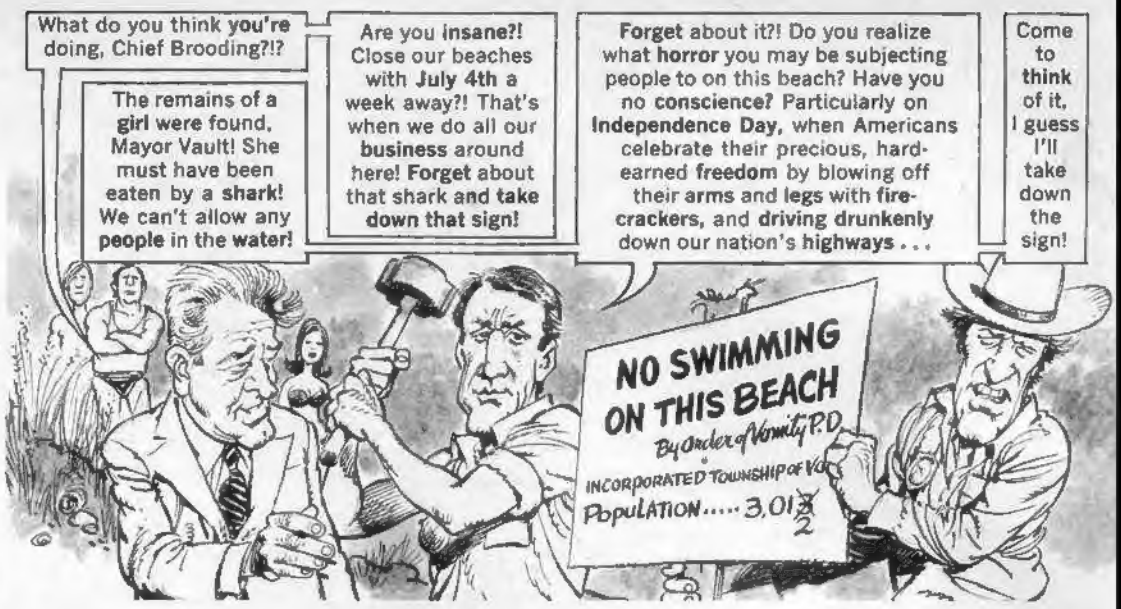








Uggh! Melon rinds and banana peels!
Blaah! Anchovy pizza scraps and scungili!
Pyuch! Peanut butter sandwiches and —

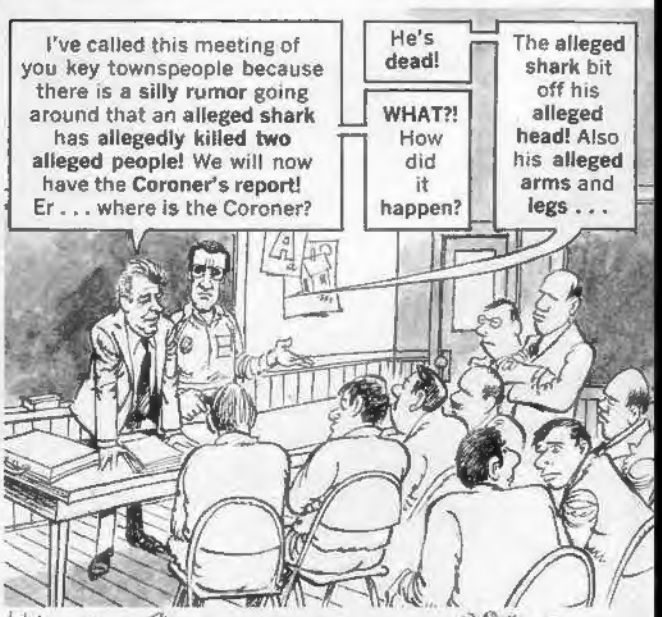

What do you think you're doing, Chief Brooding?!?
The remains of a girl were found, Mayor Vault! She must have been eaten by a shark! We can't allow any people in the water!
Are you insane?! Close our beaches with July 4th a week away?! That's when we do all our business around here! Forget about that shark and take down that sign!
Forget about it?! Do you realize what horror you may be subjecting people to on this beach? Have you no conscience? Particularly on Independence Day, when Americans celebrate their precious, hard-earned freedom by blowing off their arms and legs with firecrackers, and driving drunkenly down our nation's highways . . .
Come to think of it, I guess I'll take down the sign!
NO SWIMMING ON THIS BEACH
By Order of Vomity P.D.
INCORPORATED TOWNSHIP OF VO
POPULATION..... 3,01½

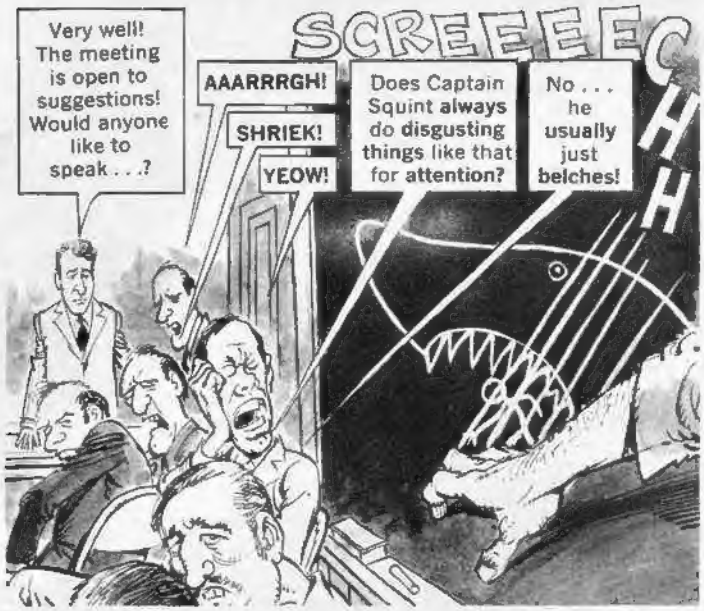
How come we're all enjoying ourselves, and the Chief of Police has to work?
They say a mysterious thing is endangering the beach, and he's protecting all of us!
It must be tough looking through those glasses hours on end!
What dedication! I'm sure that whatever he's looking for, he's going to GET it!

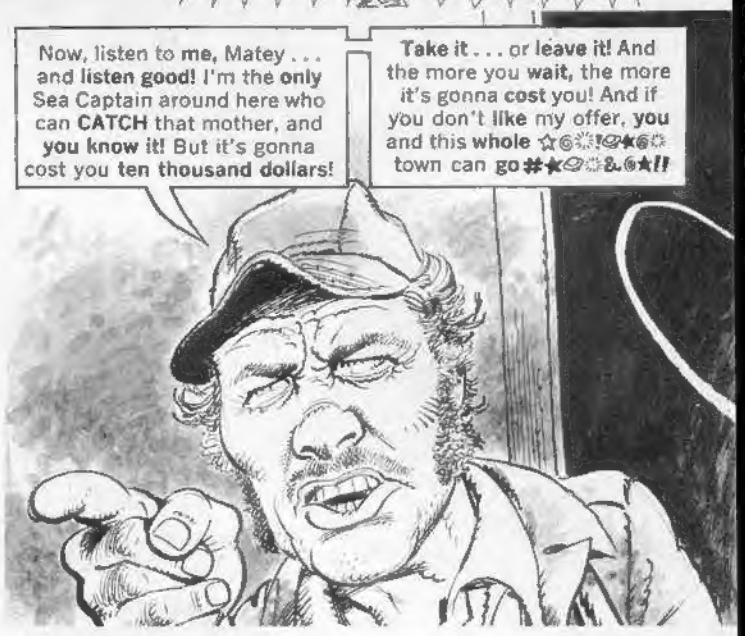
Not unless somebody tells his WIFE!!

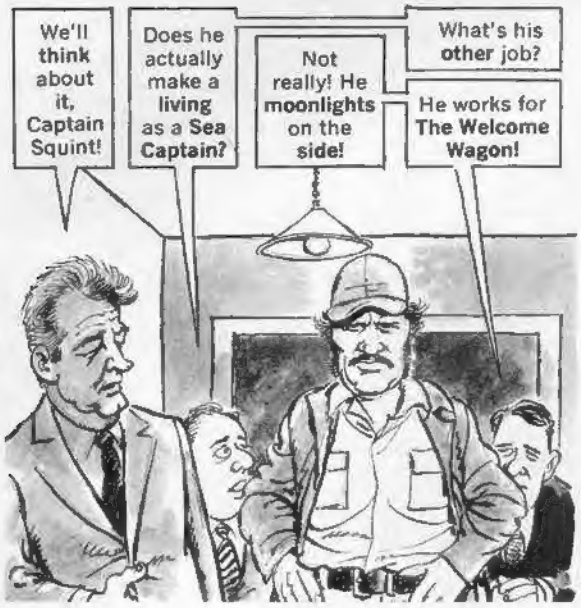
Well, Schmendricks, so far . . . so good!
No sign of her Husband!
That's great! No sign of the shark?

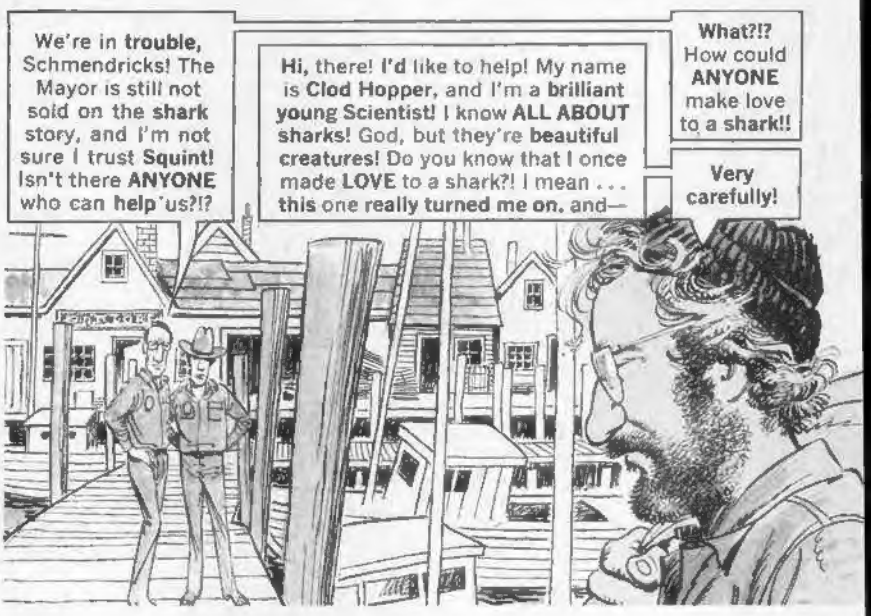
What happened?
All of a sudden I heard this rich melodic music, and then this kid started screaming and . . . ugh . . . it was just awful . . . !
Yecch! All that blood and gore and torn limbs! You know what this means, don't you, Chief . . .?
Right! There goes the picture's "G" rating! But a "PG" will still pull in the kids . . .!
What about that line in the ads that says, "May Be Too Intense For Younger Children"? Won't that hurt us?
Are you kidding?!? That's like trying to scare ants away from a picnic by pouring sugar on the ground!

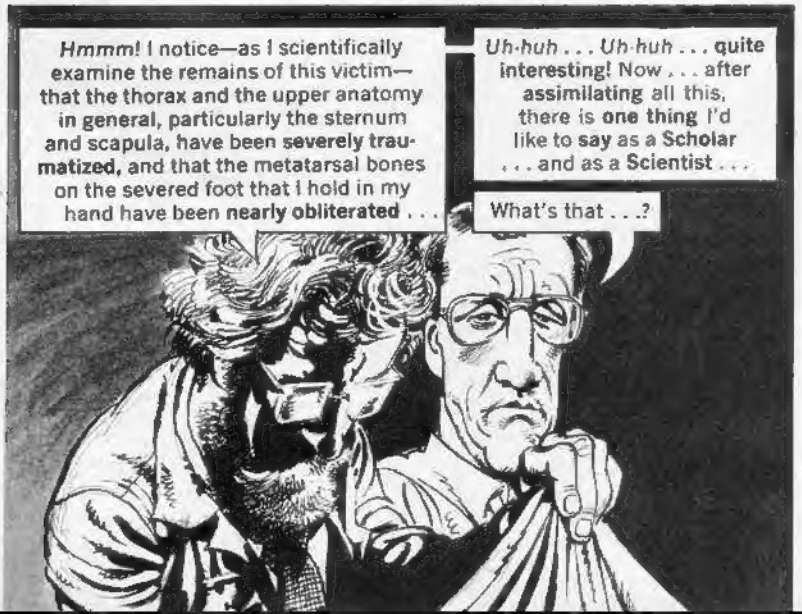

I've called this meeting of you key townspeople because there is a silly rumor going around that an alleged shark has allegedly killed two alleged people! We will now have the Coroner's report! Er . . . where is the Coroner?
He's dead!
WHAT?! How did it happen?
The alleged shark bit off his alleged head! Also his alleged arms and legs . . .


Very well! The meeting is open to suggestions! Would anyone like to speak . . .?
AAARRRGH!
SHRIEK!
YEOW!
SCREEEEECHH
Does Captain Squint always do disgusting things like that for attention?
No . . . he usually just belches!

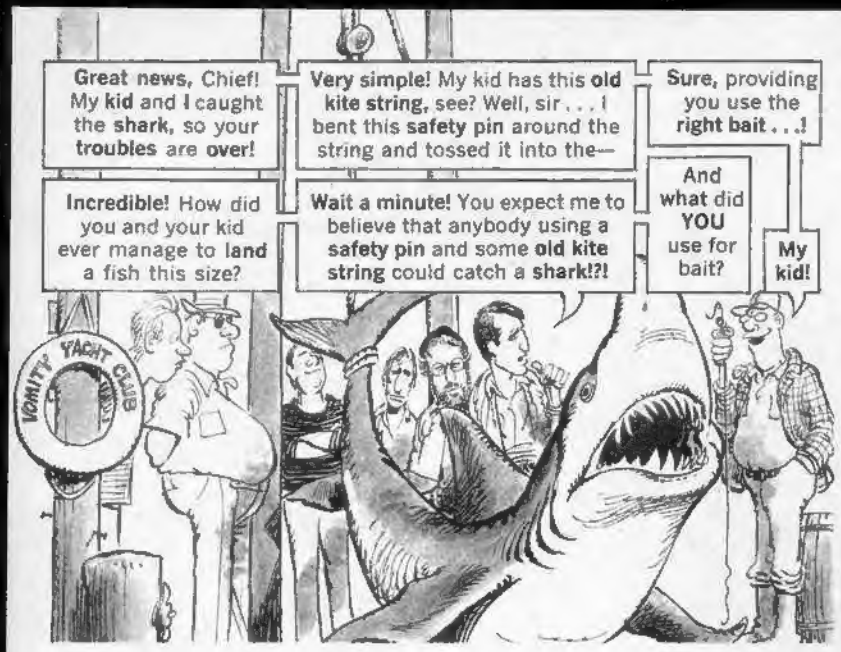

Now, listen to me, Matey . . . and listen good! I'm the only Sea Captain around here who can CATCH that mother, and you know it! But it's gonna cost you ten thousand dollars!
Take it . . . or leave it! And the more you wait, the more it's gonna cost you! And if you don't like my offer, you and this whole town can go #★@☆&@★!!

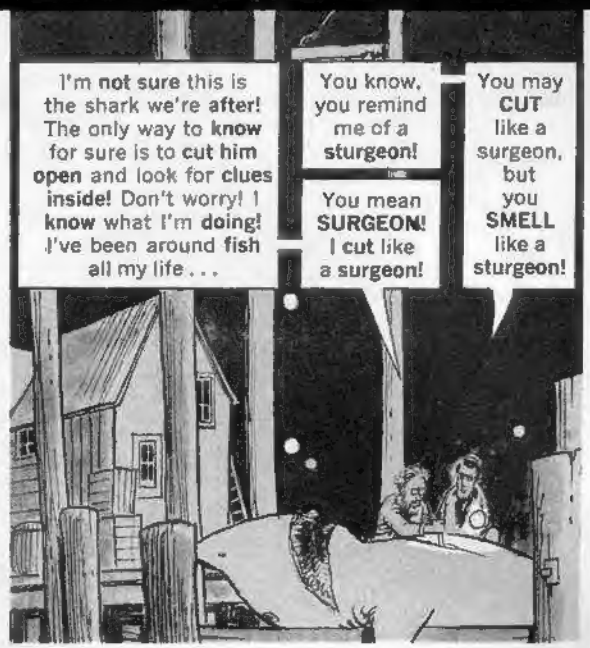

We'll think about it, Captain Squint!
Does he actually make a living as a Sea Captain?
Not really! He moonlights on the side!
What's his other job?
He works for The Welcome Wagon!


We're in trouble, Schmendricks! The Mayor is still not sold on the shark story, and I'm not sure I trust Squint! Isn't there ANYONE who can help us?!?
Hi, there! I'd like to help! My name is Clod Hopper, and I'm a brilliant young Scientist! I know ALL ABOUT sharks! God, but they're beautiful creatures! Do you know that I once made LOVE to a shark?! I mean . . . this one really turned me on, and—
What?!? How could ANYONE make love to a shark!!
Very carefully!

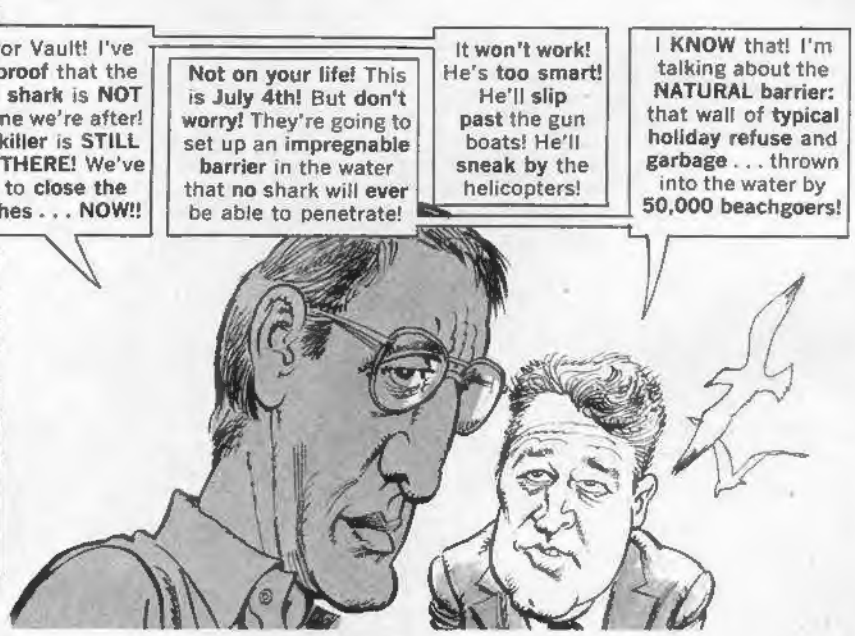

Hmmm! I notice—as I scientifically examine the remains of this victim—that the thorax and the upper anatomy in general, particularly the sternum and scapula, have been severely traumatized, and that the metatarsal bones on the severed foot that I hold in my hand have been nearly obliterated . . .
Uh-huh . . . Uh-huh . . . quite interesting! Now . . . after assimilating all this, there is one thing I'd like to say as a Scholar . . . and as a Scientist . . .
What's that . . .?

YECCCH!

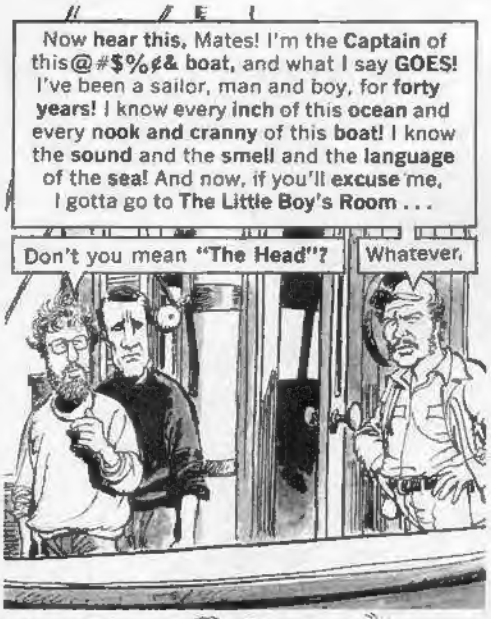

Great news, Chief! My kid and I caught the shark, so your troubles are over!
Incredible! How did you and your kid ever manage to land a fish this size?
Very simple! My kid has this old kite string, see? Well, sir . . . I bent this safety pin around the string and tossed it into the—
Wait a minute! You expect me to believe that anybody using a safety pin and some old kite string could catch a shark!?!
Sure, providing you use the right bait . . .!
And what did YOU use for bait?
My kid!
VOHITY YACHT CLUB


I'm not sure this is the shark we're after! The only way to know for sure is to cut him open and look for clues inside! Don't worry! I know what I'm doing! I've been around fish all my life . . .
You know, you remind me of a sturgeon!
You mean SURGEON! I cut like a surgeon!
You may CUT like a surgeon, but you SMELL like a sturgeon!

Ah-hah! Just as I thought! This shark doesn't eat people! It eats JUNK! Look at this! An old lawn mower, a pair of orthopedic shoes, a 1959 Edsel, a crate of watermelons and 500,000 copies of Reader's Digest!
Sew him up fast! I feel like we just operated on Euell Gibbons!

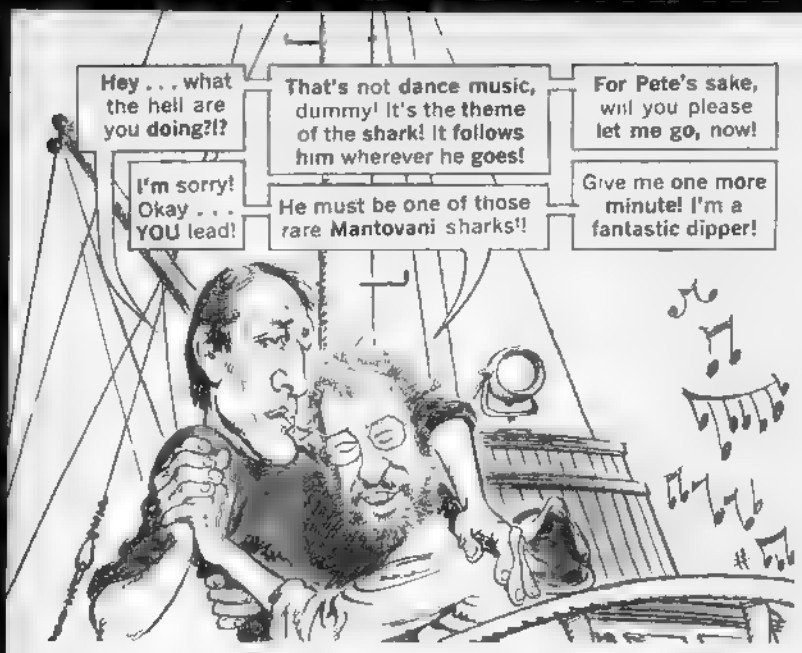

Mayor Vault! I've got proof that the dead shark is NOT the one we're after! The killer is STILL OUT THERE! We've got to close the beaches . . . NOW!!
Not on your life! This is July 4th! But don't worry! They're going to set up an impregnable barrier in the water that no shark will ever be able to penetrate!
It won't work! He's too smart! He'll slip past the gun boats! He'll sneak by the helicopters!
I KNOW that! I'm talking about the NATURAL barrier: that wall of typical holiday refuse and garbage . . . thrown into the water by 50,000 beachgoers!

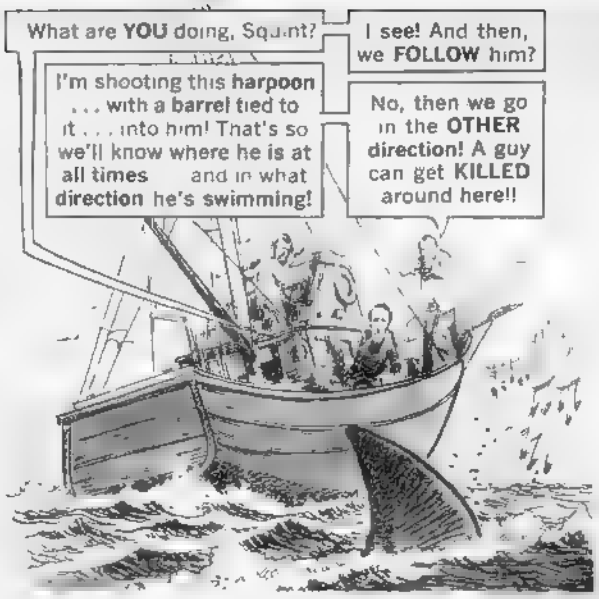
ARRRRRGGHH!
YECCCCH!
CHOKE!
UGH!
Well . . . Mayor?!? Still MORE deaths! Are you satisfied now?!?
Okay, Chief! You win! I'll pay Squint what he wants! Go out there with him and GET THAT SHARK!!
Golly, all this blood and torn bodies and killer sharks! They sure don't make "Beach Pictures" the way I made them in the '60's!
That's true, Annette! But THIS one is ALMOST as nauseating as one of yours!

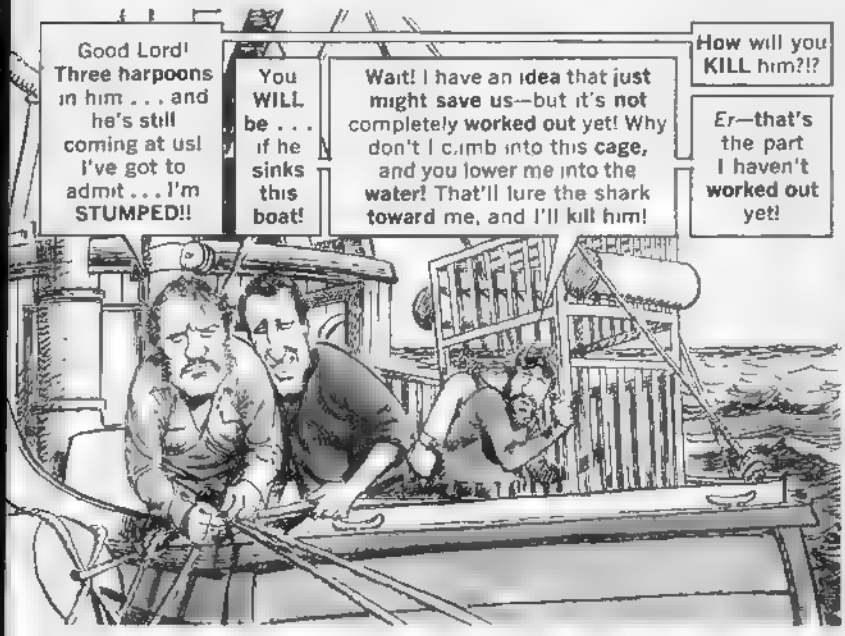

Now hear this, Mates! I'm the Captain of this@#$%¢& boat, and what I say GOES! I've been a sailor, man and boy, for forty years! I know every inch of this ocean and every nook and cranny of this boat! I know the sound and the smell and the language of the sea! And now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta go to The Little Boy's Room . . .
Don't you mean "The Head"?
Whatever.

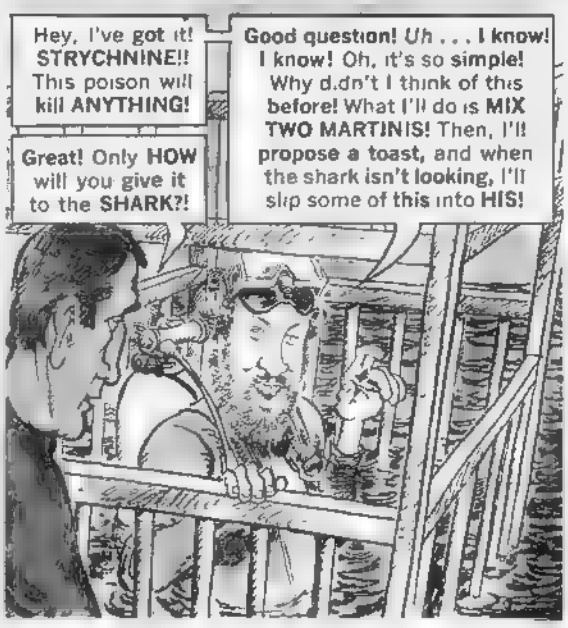
DRINK COCA-

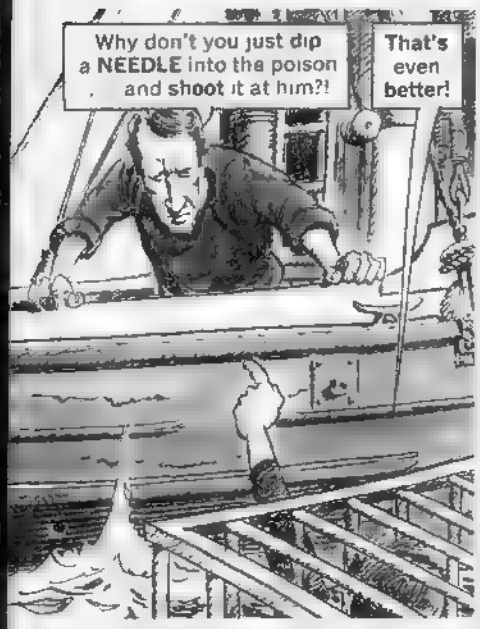
I'd feel a lot more secure if he didn't get SEASICK!
I'd feel even BETTER if we weren't still in PORT!!
ECH
The College Boy'll take the helm! And you, Chief . . . you see those pails of bloody fish innards and entrails? Well, start throwing it overboard . . .
Oh, I get it! It's BAIT . . . to lure the shark!
Naaahh! Sharks HATE the stuff!
Then why do you want me to throw it overboard?
You think I want it stinking up my boat?
Then why'd you bring it aboard in the first place?
Listen . . . one more stupid question, and I'll have you down on your hands and knees, swabbing the floor!!
The "DECK"!
Whatever.
Don't you sort of get the feeling we've been HAD?
Not really! He may be a bit eccentric, but I think he's a good sailor! Let's wait until we're out a while and he gets his sea legs and starts singing those loveable old Sea Chanteys . . .
Over hill, over dale, We have hit the Dusty trail, As those Caissons Go rolling along!
You're RIGHT! We've been HAD!
You see this scar? That's from a Tiger Shark when I was in the South Pacific!
That's nothing! See THIS scar! That's from a Giant Barracuda when I was in Key Largo!
That's nothing! See THIS scar! That's from Gene Hackman when I was in "The French Connection"!
C'mon, Squint . . . you're an expert on sharks! Tell us all about 'em!
Oh, the shark has . . . Pretty teeth, dear . . . And he shows them . . . Pearly white . . .
Boy . with these Old Salts, everything is a SONG CUE!!
Well, we've been out for ten hours and still no sign of the shark! Where could he be? If there was only some way we knew he was in the area! If he would only give us some sort of clue!
Wait a minute! Do you hear it? That rich, melodic music . . .??
Yeah! Yeah! I hear it!!
Does that mean anything to you?
You bet . . .!

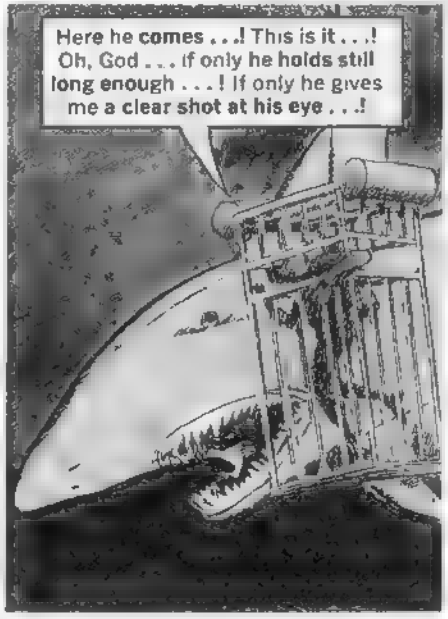

Hey . . . what the hell are you doing?!?
That's not dance music, dummy! It's the theme of the shark! It follows him wherever he goes!
For Pete's sake, will you please let me go, now!
I'm sorry! Okay . . . YOU lead!
He must be one of those rare Mantovani sharks!!
Give me one more minute! I'm a fantastic dipper!


What are YOU doing, Squint?
I see! And then, we FOLLOW him?
I'm shooting this harpoon . . . with a barrel tied to it . . . into him! That's so we'll know where he is at all times and in what direction he's swimming!
No, then we go in the OTHER direction! A guy can get KILLED around here!!


Good Lord! Three harpoons in him . . . and he's still coming at us! I've got to admit . . . I'm STUMPED!!
You WILL be . . . if he sinks this boat!
Wait! I have an idea that just might save us—but it's not completely worked out yet! Why don't I climb into this cage, and you lower me into the water! That'll lure the shark toward me, and I'll kill him!
How will you KILL him?!?
Er—that's the part I haven't worked out yet!


Hey, I've got it! STRYCHNINE!! This poison will kill ANYTHING!
Great! Only HOW will you give it to the SHARK?!
Good question! Uh . . . I know! I know! Oh, it's so simple! Why didn't I think of this before! What I'll do is MIX TWO MARTINIS! Then, I'll propose a toast, and when the shark isn't looking, I'll slip some of this into HIS!


Why don't you just dip a NEEDLE into the poison . . . and shoot it at him?!
That's even better!


Here he comes . . .! This is it . . .! Oh, God . . . if only he holds still long enough . . . ! If only he gives me a clear shot at his eye . . .!

If only I didn't drop the needle!!

He's back! He got Clod! The poison thing didn't work! What now, Captain?

You wait here while I go and check the old Navy Manual . . .

It's too late for that now! A desperate situation calls for desperate measures! Er— I know! Listen to THIS . . .

OKAY, SHARK . . . MY MEN HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DROP YOUR TEETH AND COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH YOUR FINS UP AND YOU WON'T GET HURT . . .

Wait a minute, Shark! Not so FAR out of the water!!

Too bad! It always worked in "COPS AND ROBBERS" movies!

Well, Mate! I guess I'm a goner! But if I gotta go, I suppose it's only fit that an old sailor like me dies at sea! So long, lad! This old sea dog is headed for his final resting place in Davey Smith's Locker . . .

That's Davey JONES'S Locker!

Whatever . .

Well, there goes Squint! And I'm next!! Nothing can stop that shark now!

Hi! What's going on?

CLOD!! You're alive! YOU'RE ALIVE . . . !!

Uggh . Oooh . . . . . POOF . . .

And LOOK! The shark is DEAD!

It's a miracle! How did the shark DIE?

Psychological Indigestion!

It's a very rare fish disease, brought on by a very common movie disease that we Scientists call "Scriptus Fantasticus!"

I think you know by now that a shark can usually eat ANYTHING! However, when he had me underwater . . . and he destroyed my cage . . . and there I was, swimming around, helpless . . . and the Director wouldn't let him devour me so he could get a cheap, corny happy ending to this movie after subjecting the audience to two hours of nauseating garbage . . .

What in hell is that?

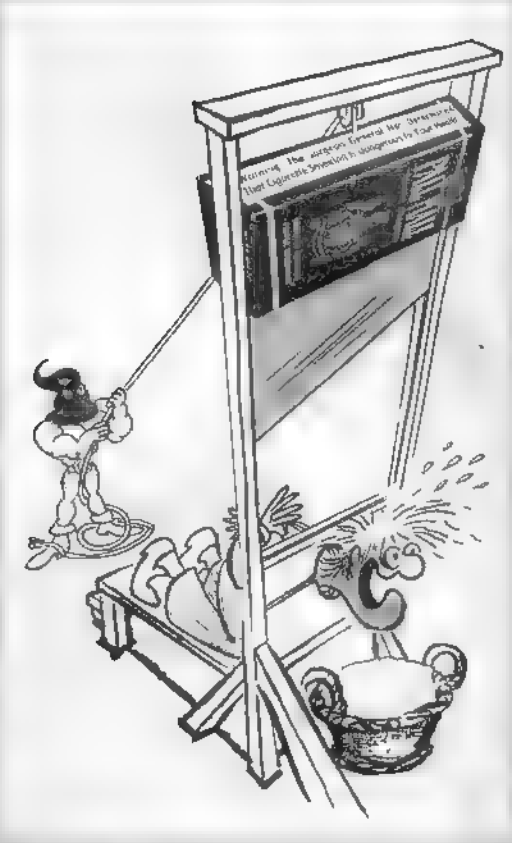
C'mon, Man! Talk sense!

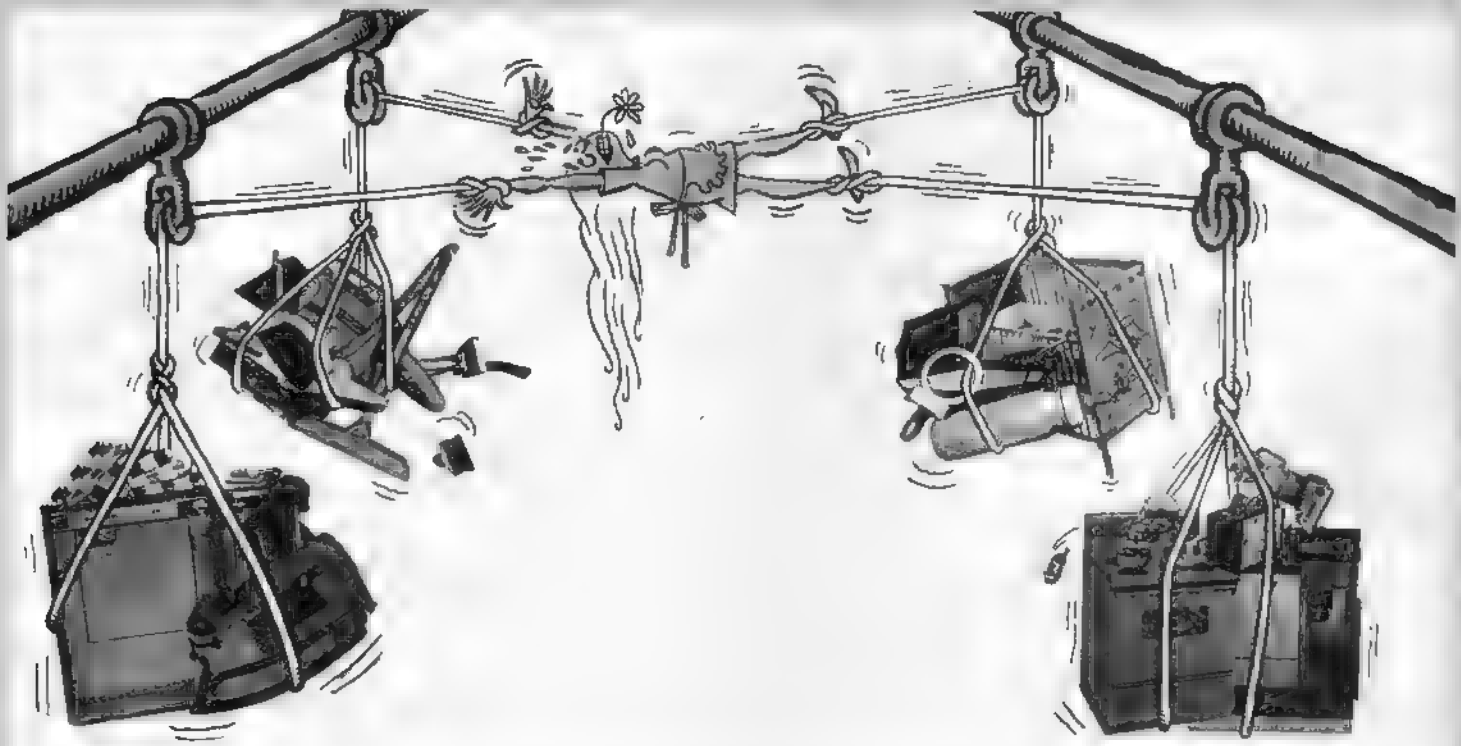
You mean . . .

Right! THAT, not even a SHARK could swallow!

DECLARATION OF HUMAN FRIGHTS DEPT.

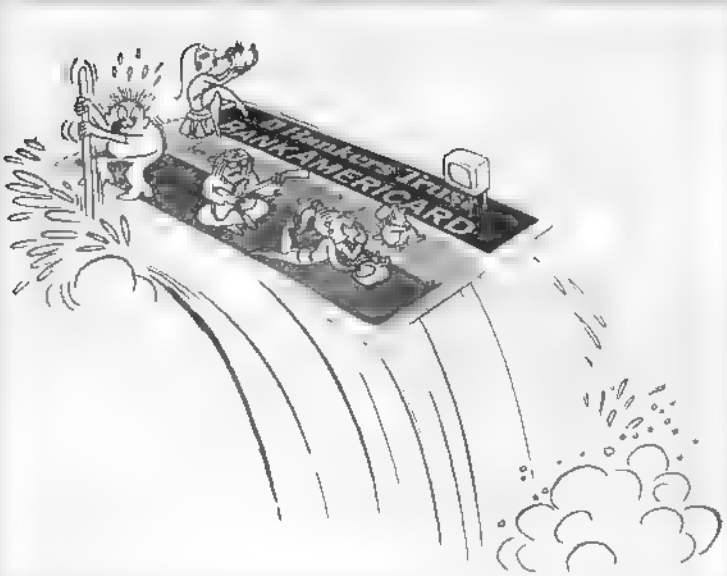
A MAD PORTFOLIO OF... CONTEMPORA

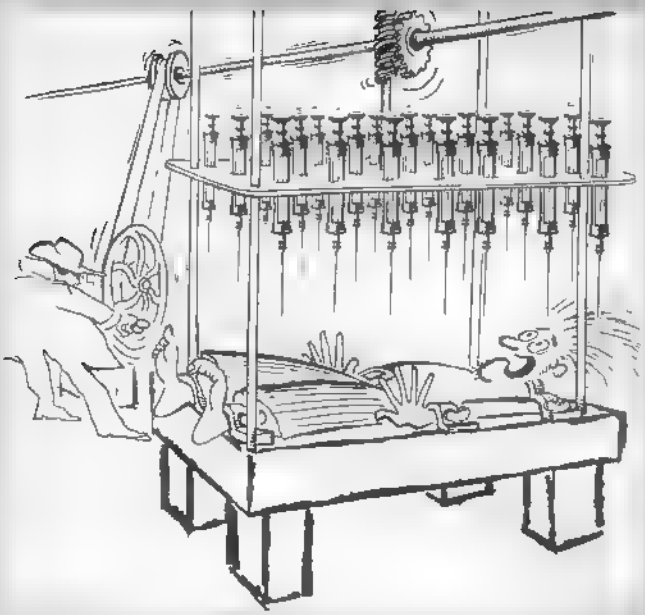


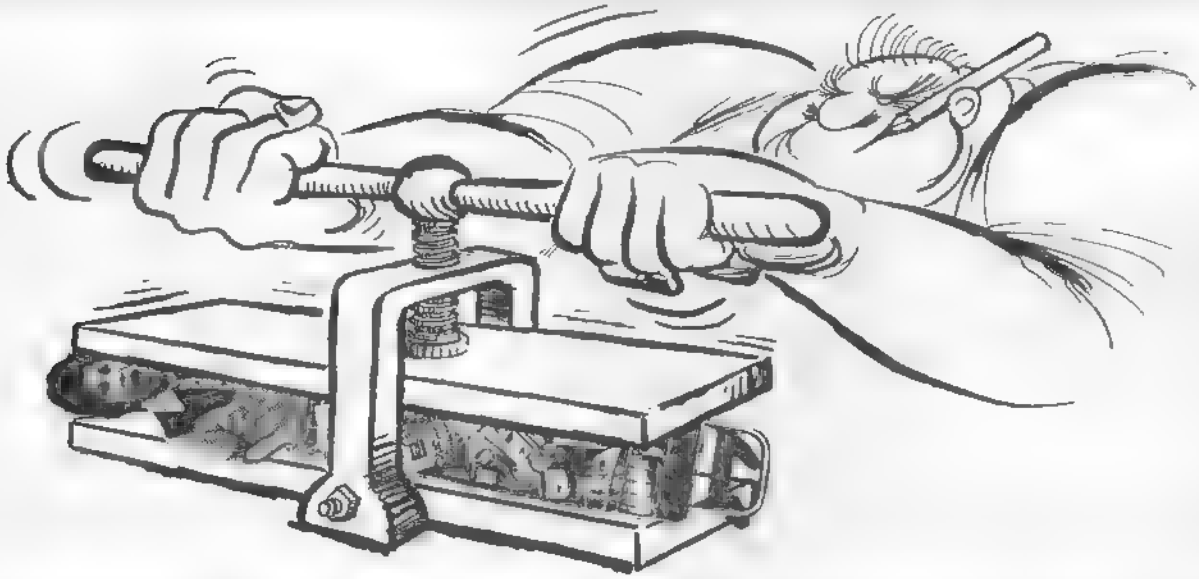


RY HORROR SCENES

ARTIST ■ WALTER ARNOLD FRANCHIONI


BANKAMERICARD

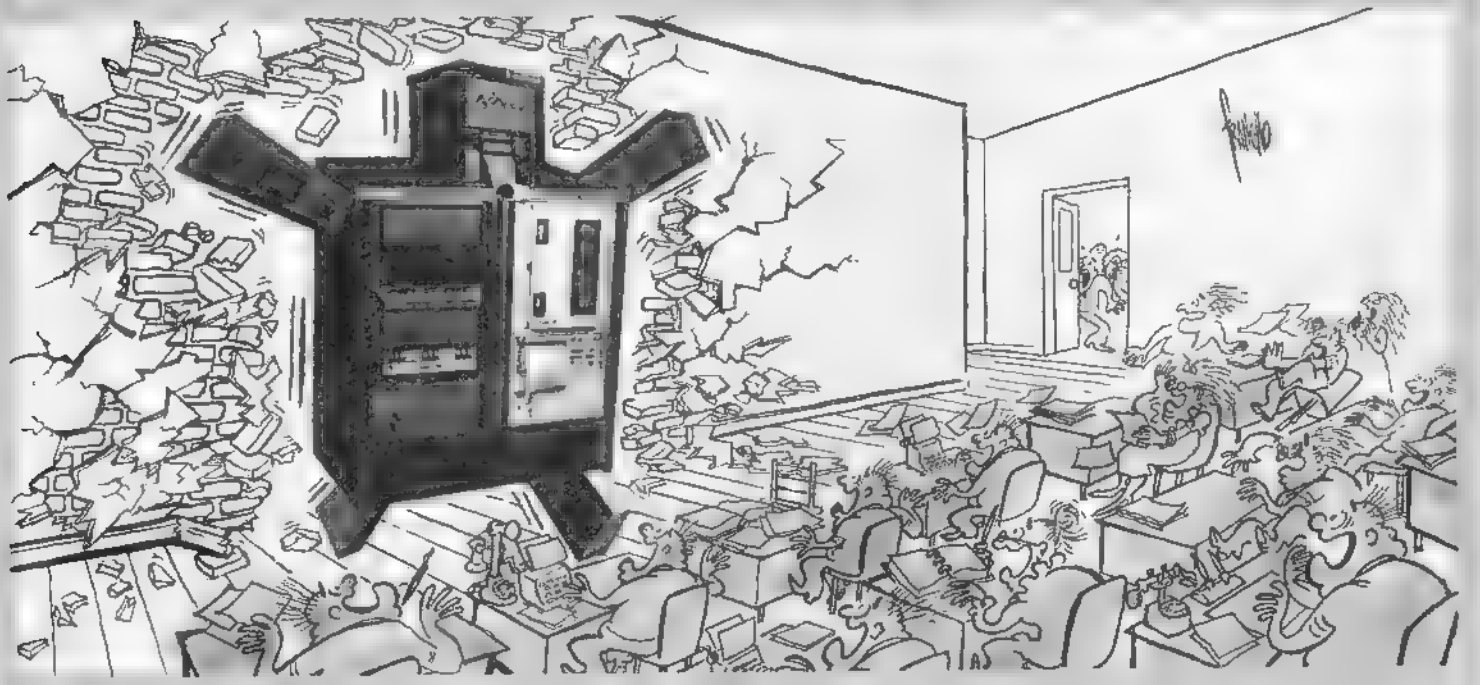




TAXES

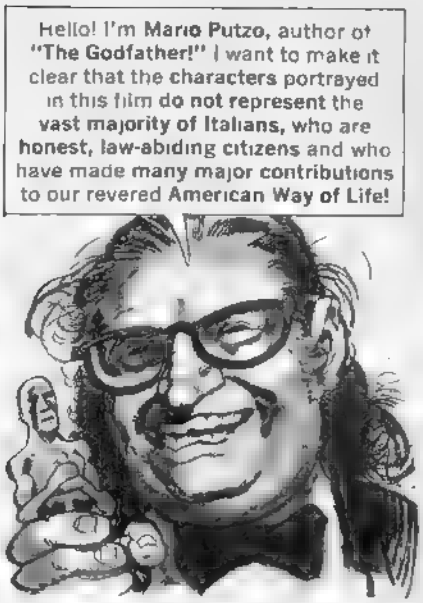
2+2=4
P.S. 134

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOOD COUPON
DO NOT FOLD OR STAPLE

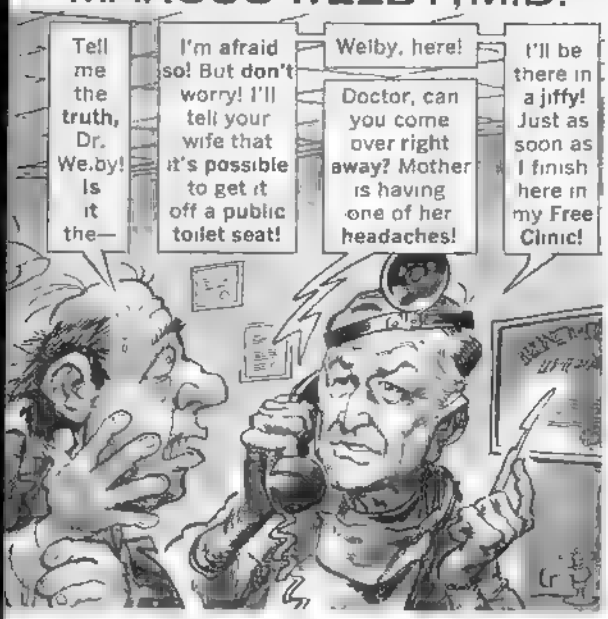


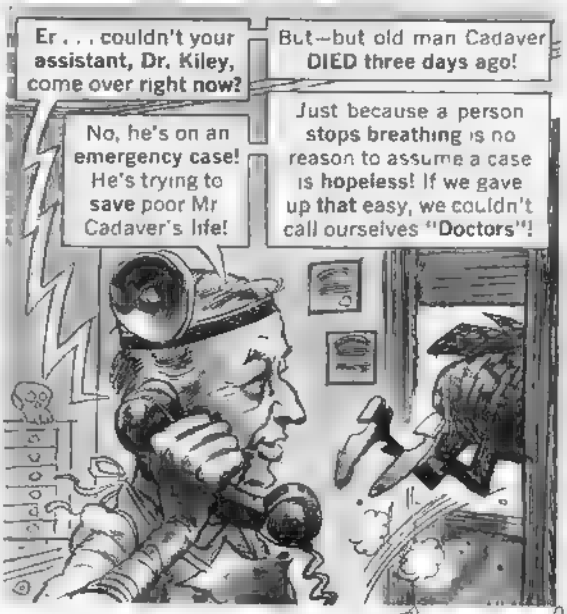
AFFRONTAL ATTACK DEPT.

When NBC telecast "The Godfather"—the story of an Italian-American Crime Family, it made many announcements apologizing to all the Italian-Americans in the audience! These apologies were made before the show . . . at station breaks . . . and between commercials . . . until it seemed as if there were almost as many "Disclaimers" as there were killings in the movie itself! Like—



MARCUS WELBY, M.D.





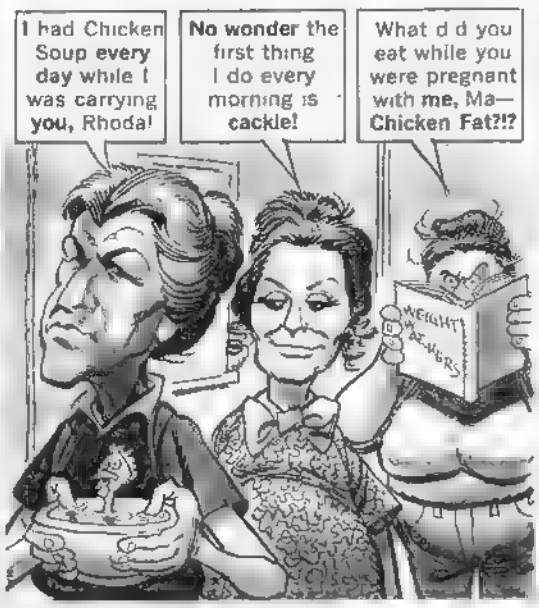
THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW

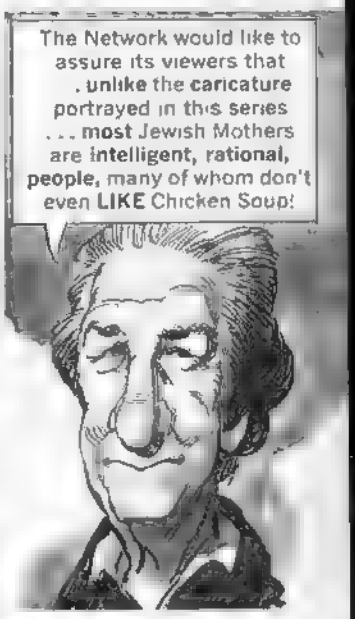
Well, we at MAD think that these "Disclaimers" are a great idea! And since every TV show insults some group or other, here are...

TV DISCLAIMERS We'd Like To See

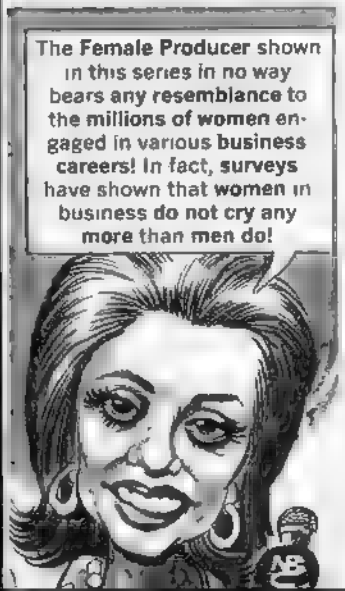
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

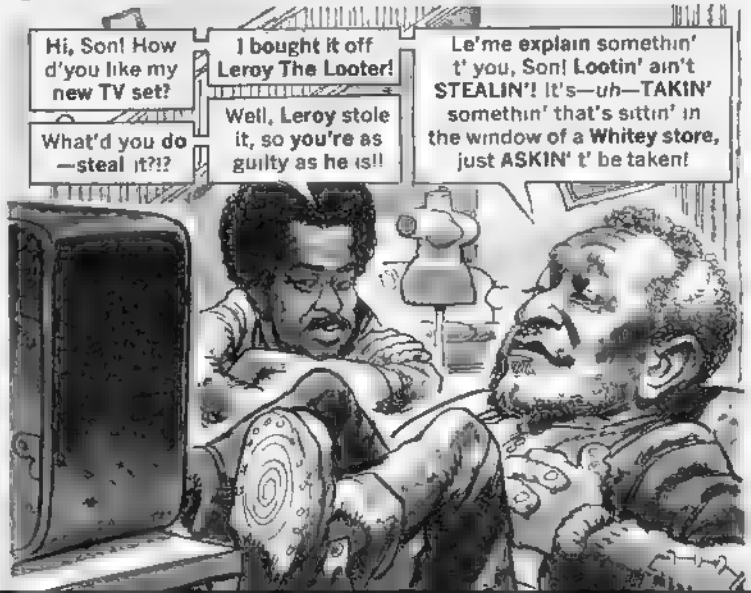
RHODA

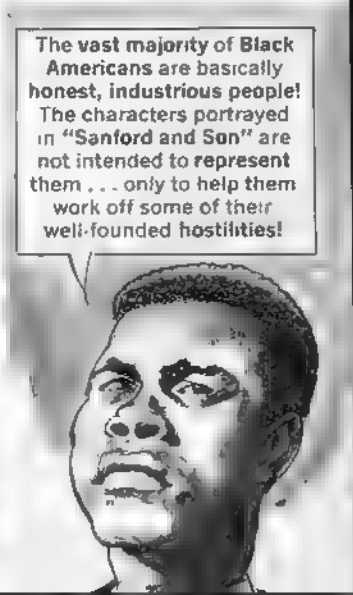




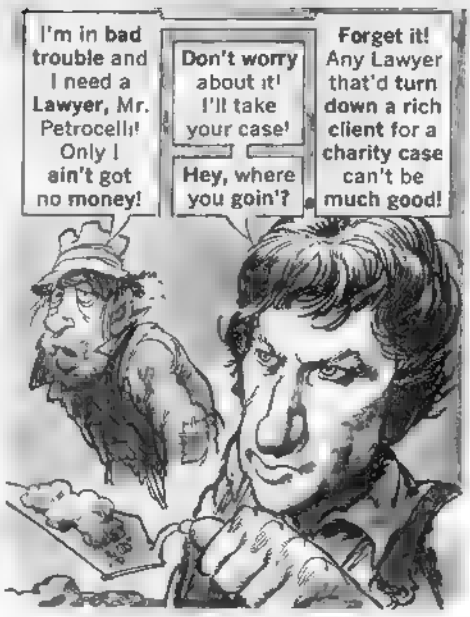
SANFORD AND SON

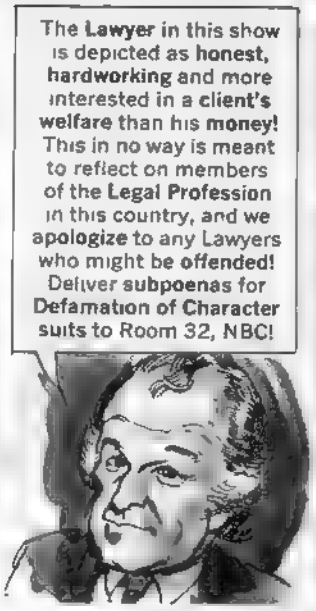




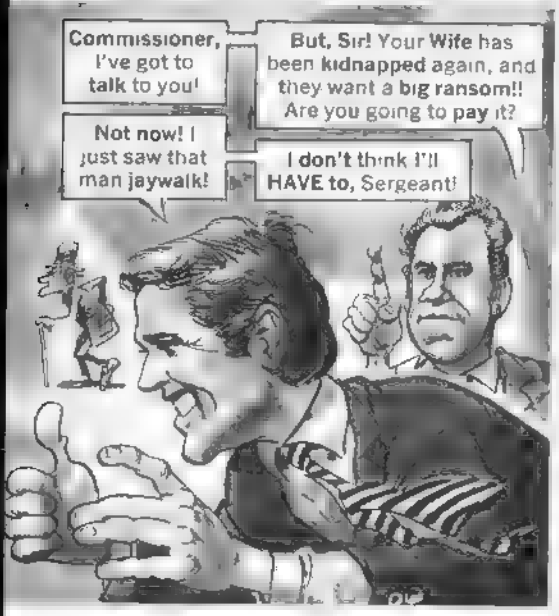


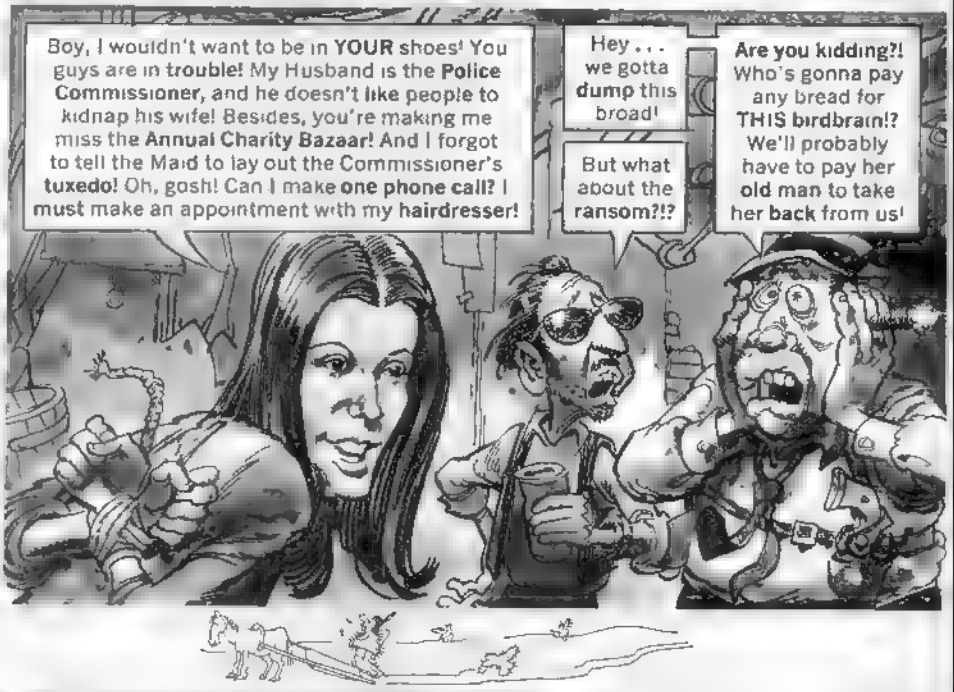
PETROCELLI



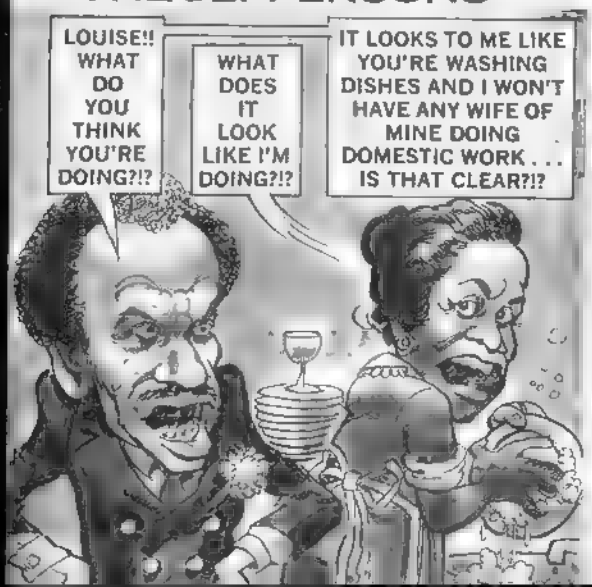


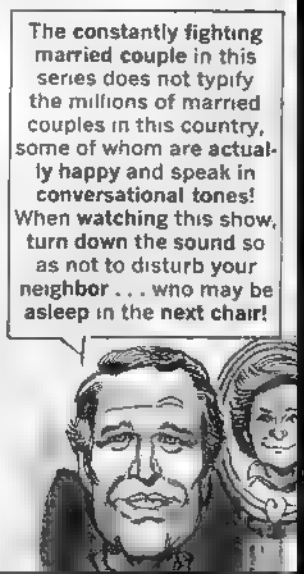
MacMILLAN AND WIFE





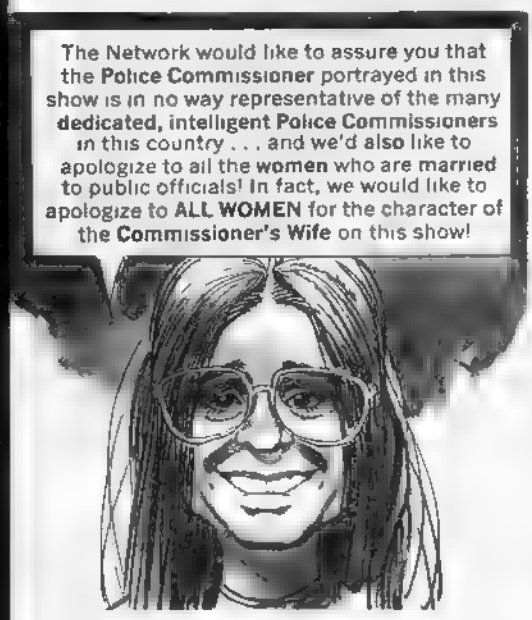
THE JEFFERSONS

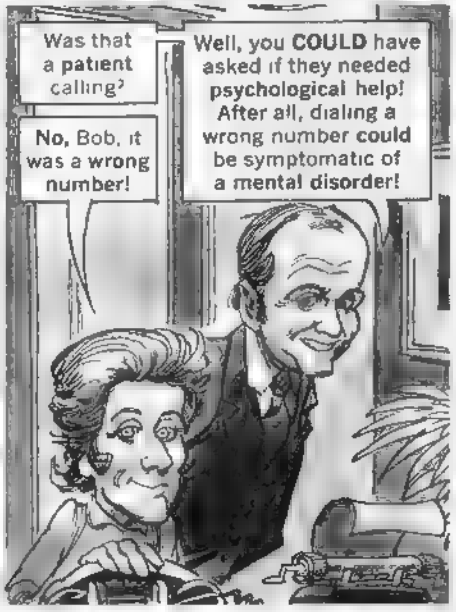


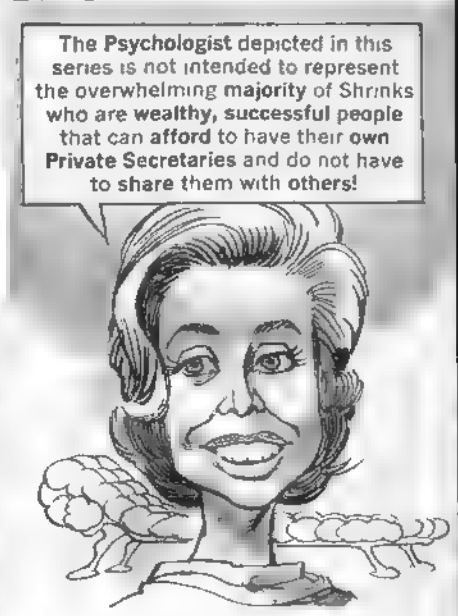


HAPPY DAYS

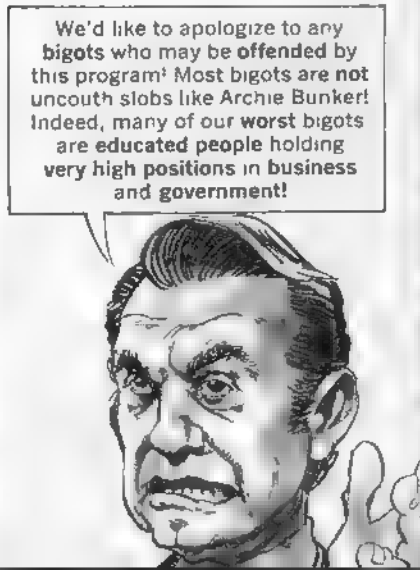
THE BOB NEWHART SHOW





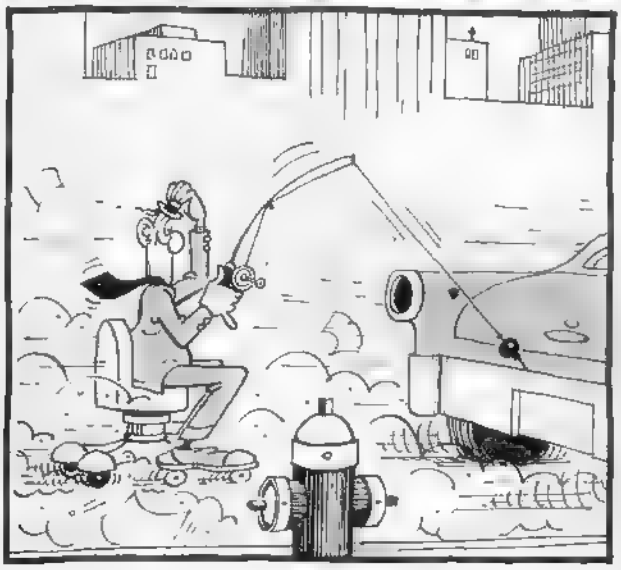


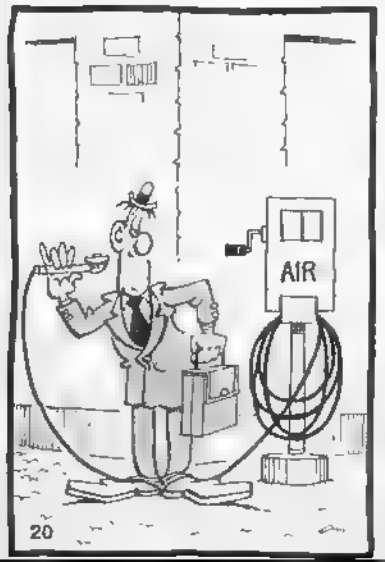
ALL IN THE FAMILY

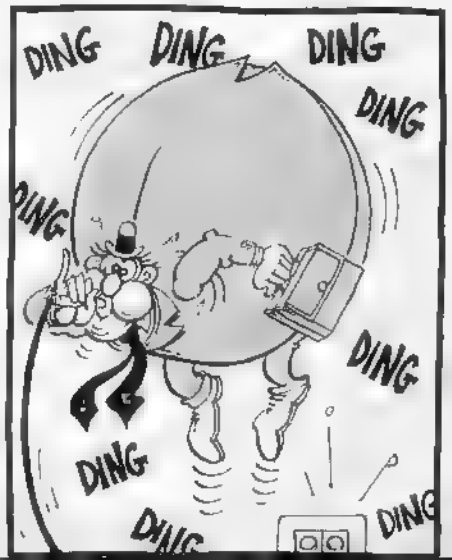


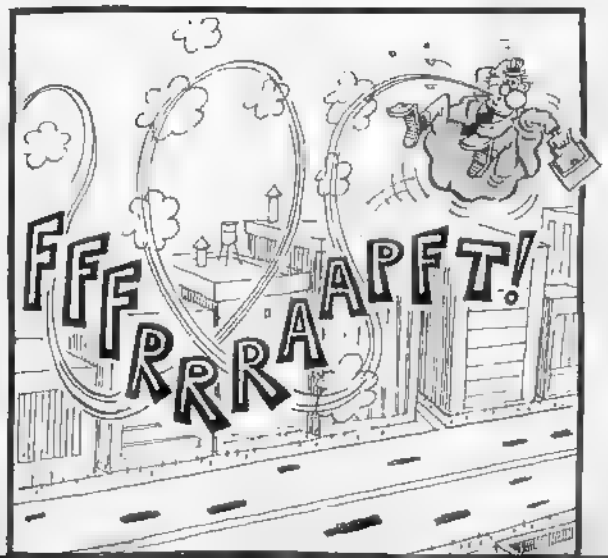
DON MARTIN DEPT.

DON MARTIN BEATS THE

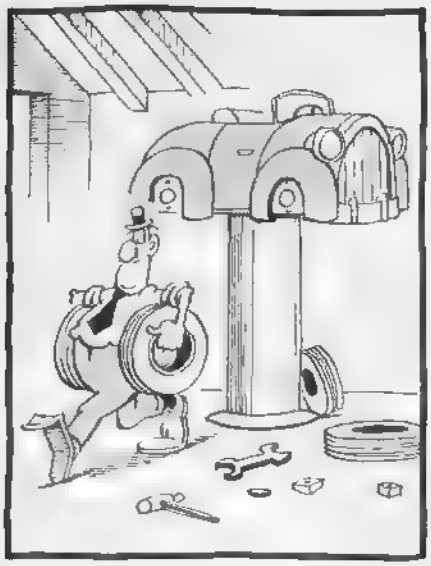


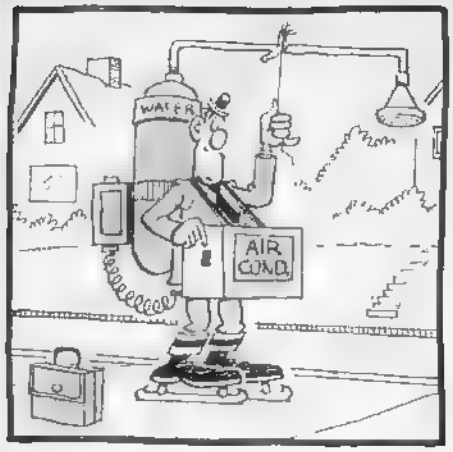




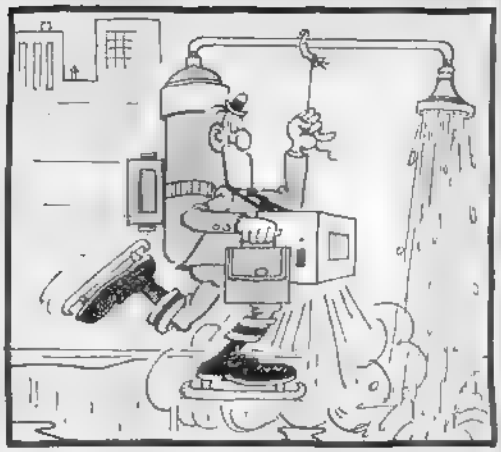


HIGH COST OF GASOLINE



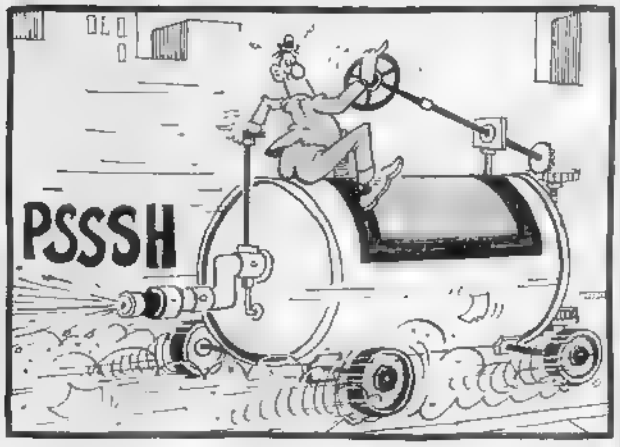

WATER
AIR COND.

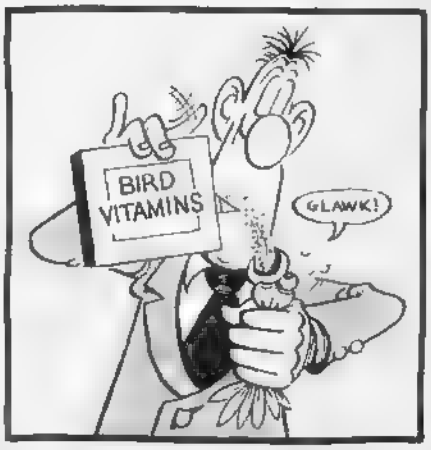
KLIK
VROOM
SPOOSH

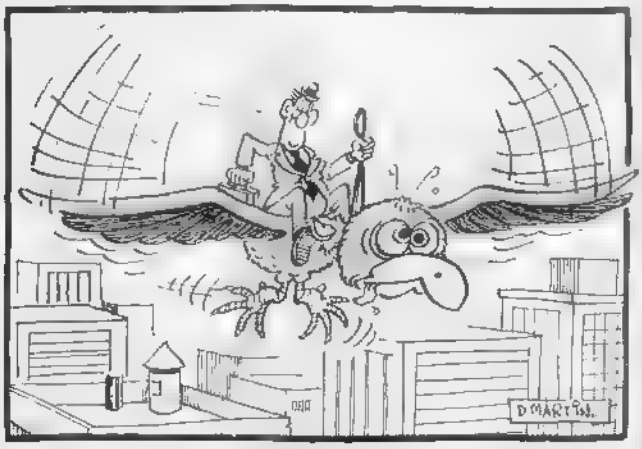


MARBLE SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIP

SPRAY CANS MADE TO ORDER


PSSSH


BIRD VITAMINS
GLAWK!


D MARTIN

AMBIANCE CHASERS DEPT.

Has it ever struck you as peculiar that the restaurants which seem to be the most fashionably "in" are the very same ones that offer the shabbiest service and lousiest food at the highest conceivable prices? Well, it always struck us as peculiar, until one recent day, when the mailman delivered a damaging little catalogue to the MAD office by mistake. Now, we suddenly understand how the whole beastly system works. It's all based on the assumption by owners of exclusive dining spots that we are a nation of incorrigible snobs, hopeless masochists and complete idiots. If you don't believe it, you really ought to get a look at this catalogue. Of course, you probably wouldn't be able to get one because it's full of horrifying trade secrets that laymen are never supposed to find out. So, in order to satisfy your curiosity and put you on your guard, here is . . .

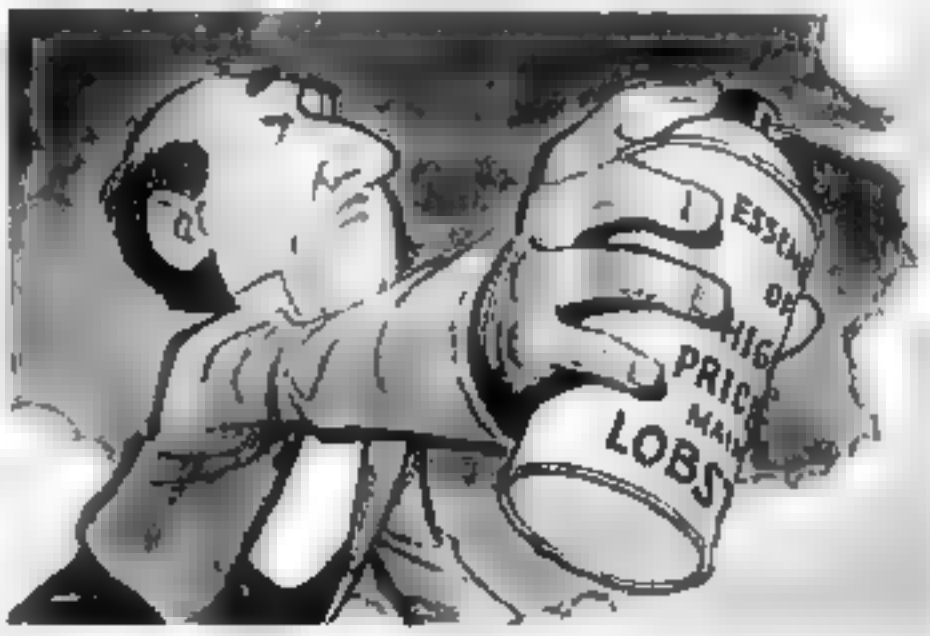
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

FILL YOUR PARKING LOT with abandoned cars to give the place that jam-packed look, even when there are no customers inside. These vehicles are not tell-tale total wrecks, but merely stripped down pre-1960 models with engines removed for easier towing to your location. Guaranteed to impress the few patrons you do have by making them walk several blocks to begin waiting for a table.

4793—UNRECONDITIONED BUT PARKABLE USED CARS
$695.00 doz.
(Specify type desired: Sick Studebakers, Dead DeSotos, Crippled Corvairs)

DROWN OUT NAUSEATING KITCHEN SMELLS with tempting canned aroma of better food than you serve. There's never a need to replace old cooking grease or incompetent fry cooks once you've spritzed your dining area with one of these mouth watering essences. Prompts patrons to order what they think they smell, and minimize gagging on what they actually get.

27388—"YUMMY DUMMY" BRAND FOOD SMELL (Large Cans) ..... $11.50 doz.
(Specify aroma desired: Hickory Smoked Ribs, Broiled Lobster, Sweet & Sour Cantonese)



TWO-WATT LIGHT BULBS save precious energy. Namely the precious energy you'd waste dusting furniture and vacuuming carpets if lights were bright enough for diners to see the filth. Dim illumination also provides more romantic atmosphere for patrons, and more hiding places for waiters.

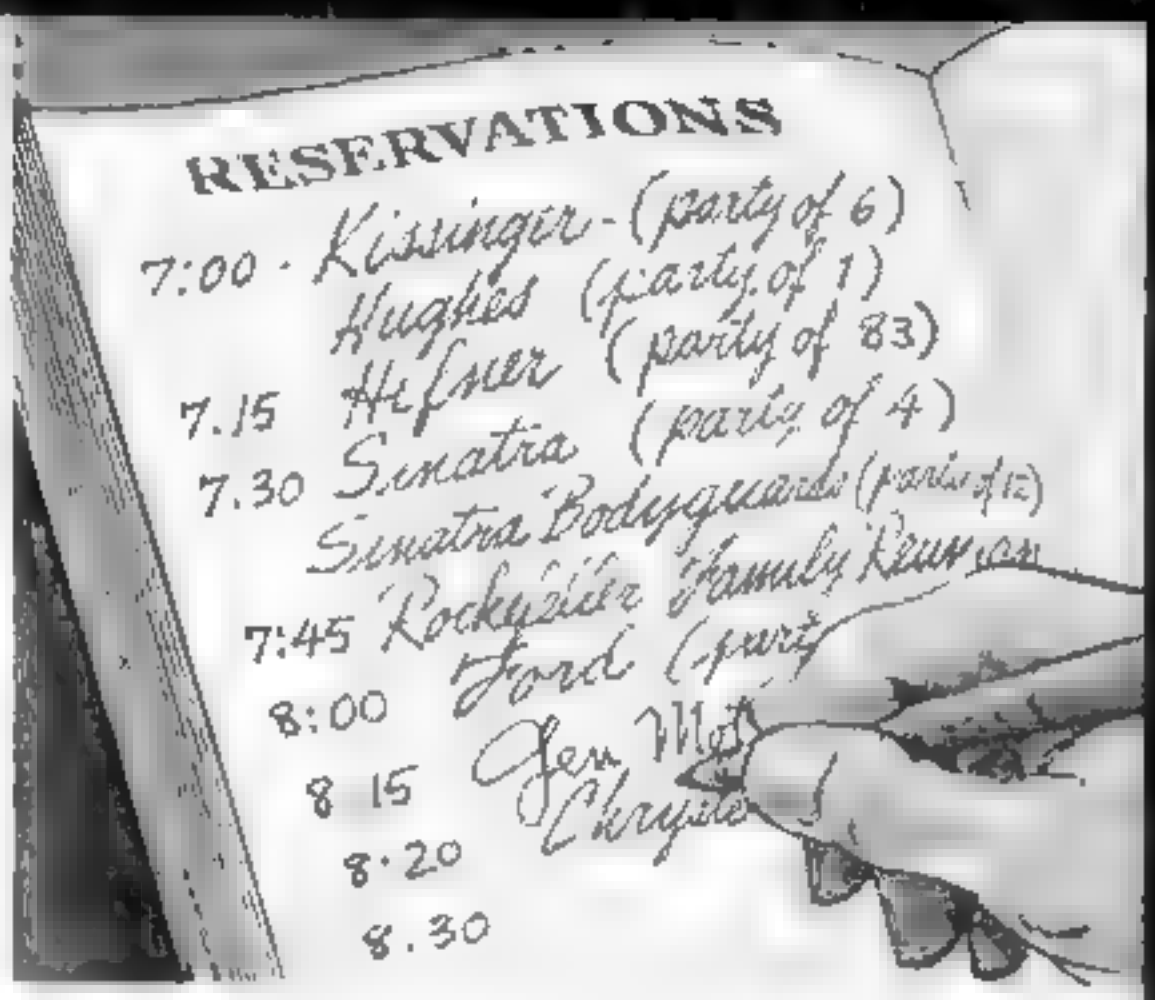
8149—DISMAL ELECTRIC "FAINT-GLO" LIGHT BULBS.....$61.75 gross

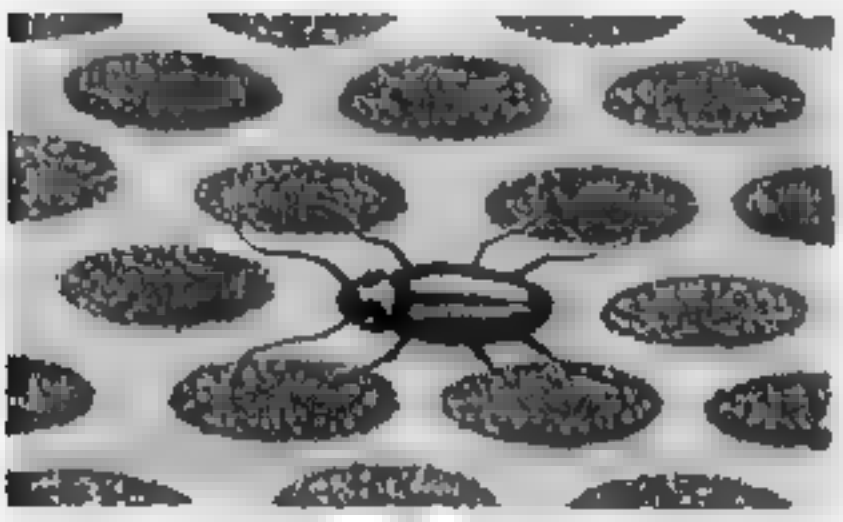
PERSONALLY INSCRIBED CELEBRITY PHOTOS tell the world you cater to big shots. We supply pictures in one dozen lots to fill your walls with simulated adoration. Each photo is personally autographed by our experienced staff of forgery experts. Freedom from lawsuits guaranteed, as all dipicted celebrities have been dead for at least five years.

4756—GENUINELY PHONY AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES.....$9.75 doz.
4756-A—DE LUXE SET WITH FRAMES AND PICTURE HOOKS..... $47.50 doz.

PRE-FILLED RESERVATION BOOK enables you to impress newly arrived patrons while you keep them waiting. Prominent names of your imaginary clientèle printed in large, bold script for all to see at a glance. Ideal for herding would-be diners into the bar without complaint to buy expensive drinks as they beg for one of your many empty tables.

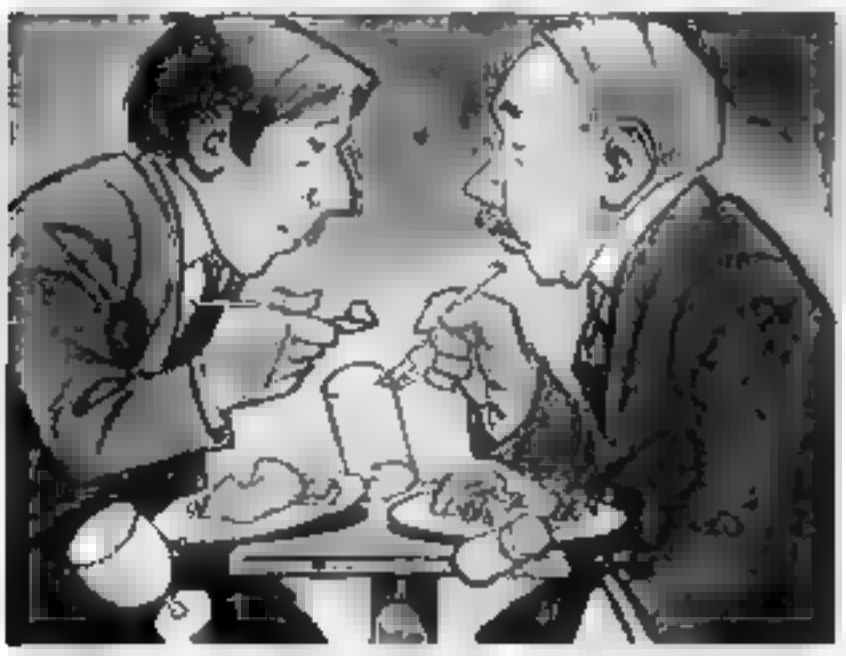
8755—BIG NAME—BIG PROFIT RESERVATION BOOK.....$11.95





COCKROACH CAMOUFLAGE CARPET DESIGN tricks even the most eagle-eyed diner into believing that real insects are merely part of the rug pattern. Totally eliminates costly exterminator fees. May even convince Health Department inspectors to let you keep your license, assuming they never go into the kitchen.

4722—"EIGHT-LEGGED FRIENDS" BRAND CARPETING.....$14.50 per square yd.



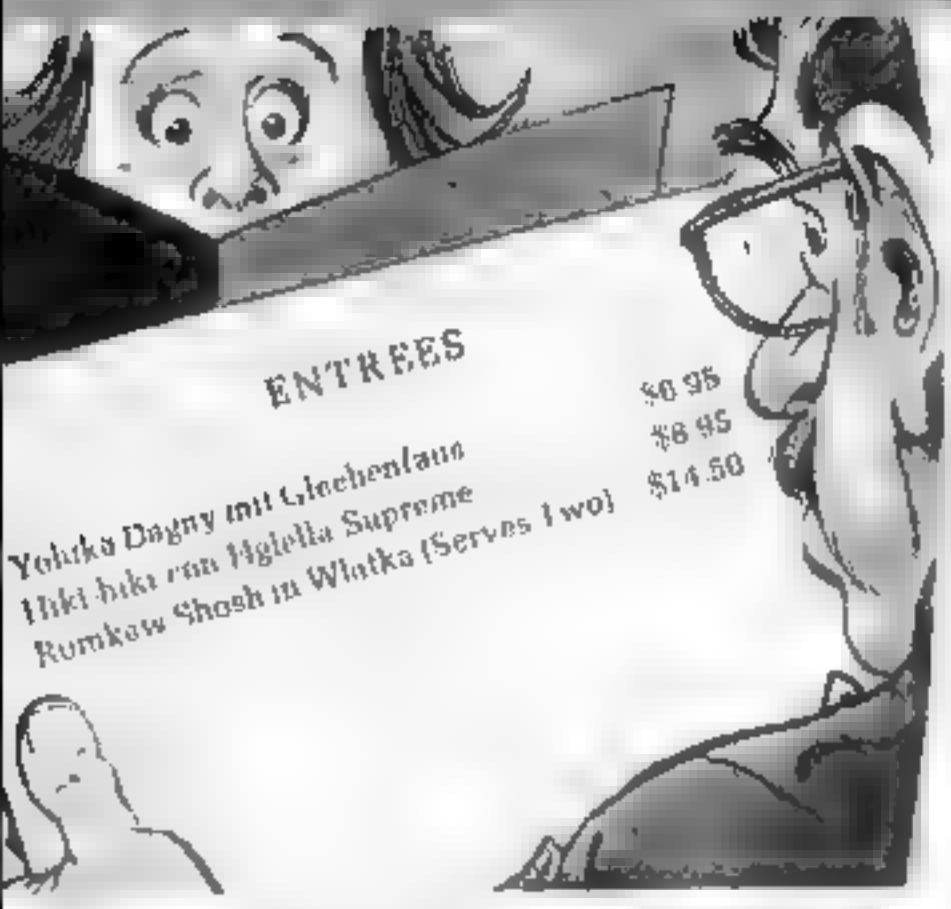
TINY DINING TABLES let your head waiter dole out fitting punishment to those who fail to tip him. These little horrors put more money in your pocket, too, as they can easily be squeezed behind kitchen doors, into rest room alcoves and similar nooks you once considered unusable. Handy 14-square-inch size lets you seat 200 in a dining room designed for 50.

1837—ITTY-BITTY DINING TABLES $69.95 ea.

1838—ODDLY WOBBLY CHAIRS FOR ITTY-BITTY TABLES.....$49.95 pr.

STOP PATRONS FROM WHINING when you seat them close to the kitchen for the convenience of your waiters. Boldly lettered "RESERVED" signs placed on desirable empty tables convince diners that they're lucky to be seated anywhere. High quality signs are printed in large type with luminous ink for easy visibility, even when kitchen grease fires fill the room with smoke

23738—ATTENTION GRABBER RESERVATION SIGNS..... $3.50 doz.

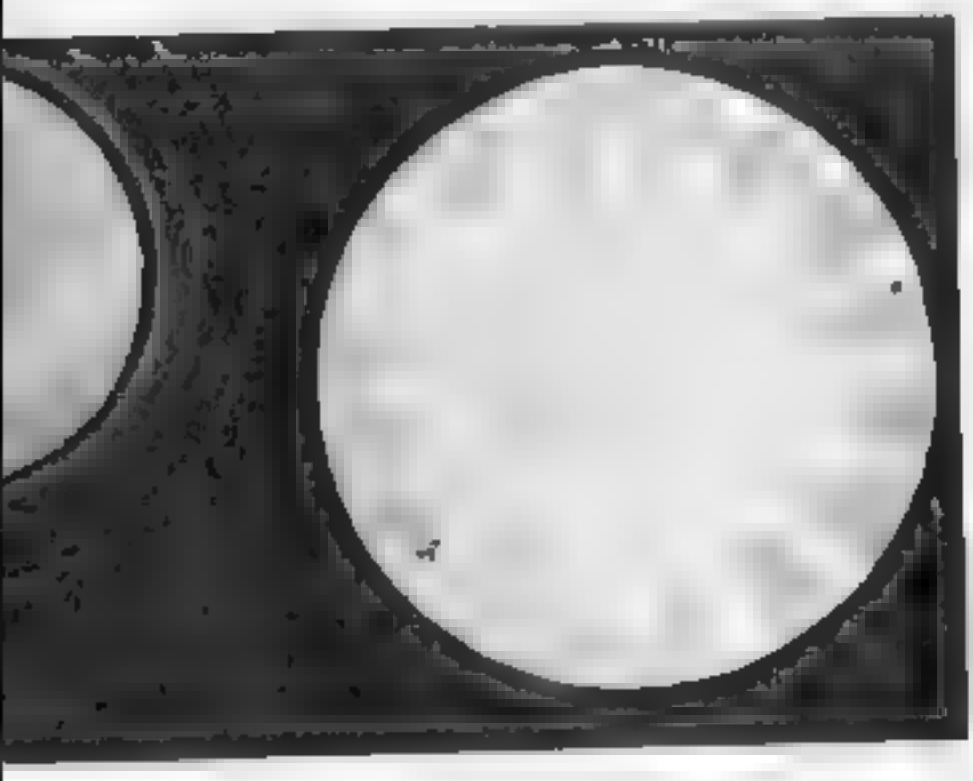


MENUS IN OBSCURE FOREIGN LANGUAGES silence customer complaints forever! After all, who can squawk about your rotten food, high prices and mixed-up orders when patrons don't know whether they're getting what they asked for. Listed entrées are all sheep brains or hog liver exotically described in Albanian, Navajo and Nepalese.

44287—GARBLED GARBAGE DINNER MENUS.....$15.25 doz.

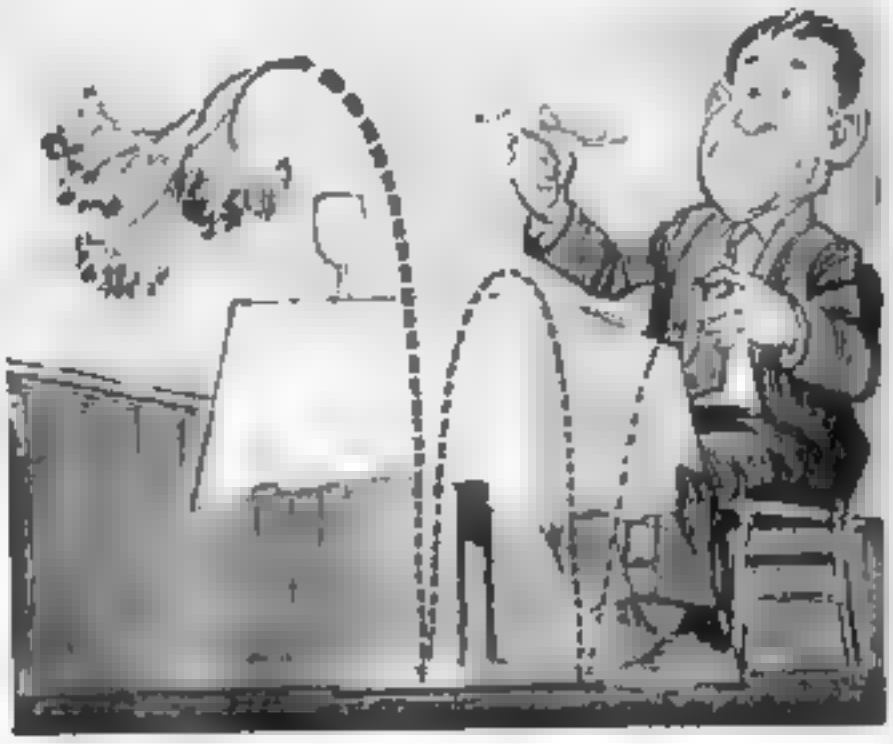
IMPORTED WINE LABELS cost considerably less than imported wine. Yet snob appeal to customers who don't know what they're drinking anyway allows you to charge your usual exhorbitant price. Easy paste-on labels are amply large enough to cover those of any cheap domestic brand you serve. Help relieve our national balance of payments deficit while you're helping yourself to enormous profits.

5622—ASSORTED FRENCH WINE LABELS..... $6.50 per gross
5623—ASSORTED ITALIAN WINE LABELS .....$3.75 per gross
5624—ASSORTED POLISH WINE LABELS.....69¢ per gross



OPTICAL ILLUSION DINNER PLATES enable you to serve skimpier portions at even higher prices. Cleverly designed sunburst pattern makes smaller plates look at least as large as the old fashioned standard size, especially to customers who are half bombed. Yet new style holds 50% less food. You'll cut costs without risking howls of protest with these diminutive beauties.

47651—BIG LITTLE DINNER PLATES $17.50 doz.



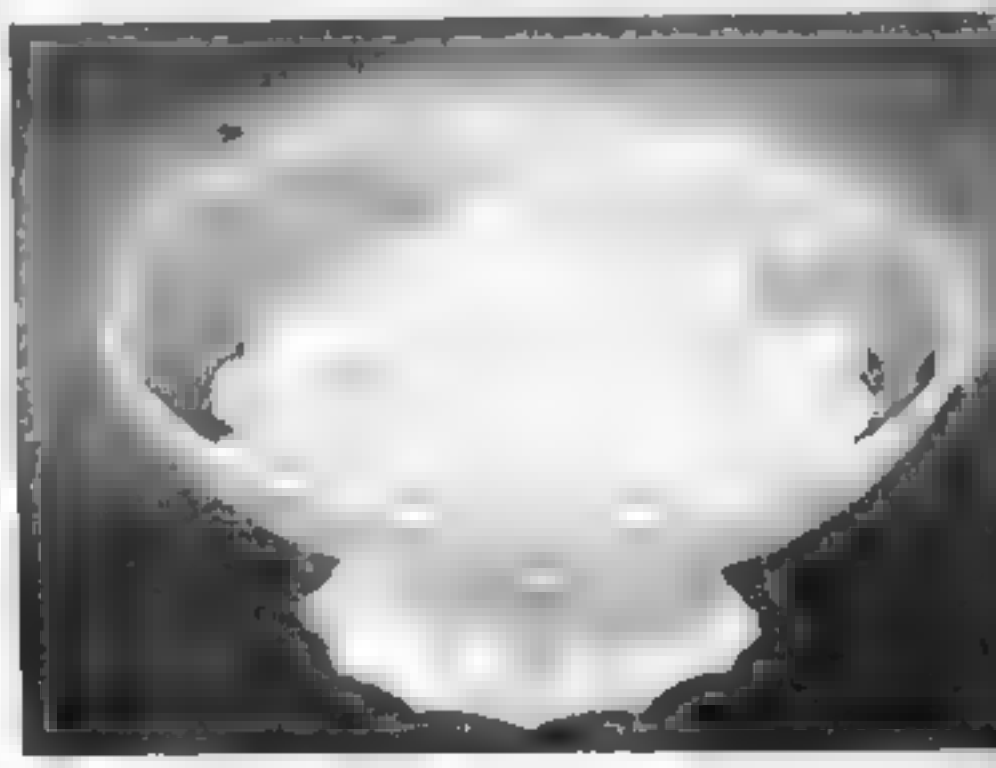
STOP WASTING MONEY on parsley sprigs, frilly radishes and similar decorative food that nobody ever eats. Likelike rubber garnishes are equally effective for maintaining your ritzy reputation, yet they can be rinsed off and used again and again. (Not recommended for vegetarian restaurants catering to health freaks.)

5663—SHERWIN WILLIAM BRAND HIGH-GLOSS TABLE GARNISH $8.49 qt.

GLEAMING BRASS CHAFING DISH helps justify your $4.50 cheeseburgers by requiring three waiters to melt the cheese at patron's table. Also impressive for warming up pancakes left over from breakfast and selling them as crèpes suzettes at dinner. Heating mechanism operates on kerosene handsomely packaged in used brandy bottles. (Available at extra cost.)
56911—"PRETTY HOT STUFF" BRAND CHAFING DISH $24.95

SUMPTUOUS PASTRY CART GOODIES often draws flies in restaurants lacking kitchen window screens and proper insect control. That's why we've fashioned these fake mocha tortes and éclairs from dark brown laundry soap. Let patrons make their selections from this authentic looking display before serving them chocolate Twinkies at $1.75 each. Soap can be used later for your monthly linen laundering.
4866—SUDSY SWEETS....$4.75 doz.

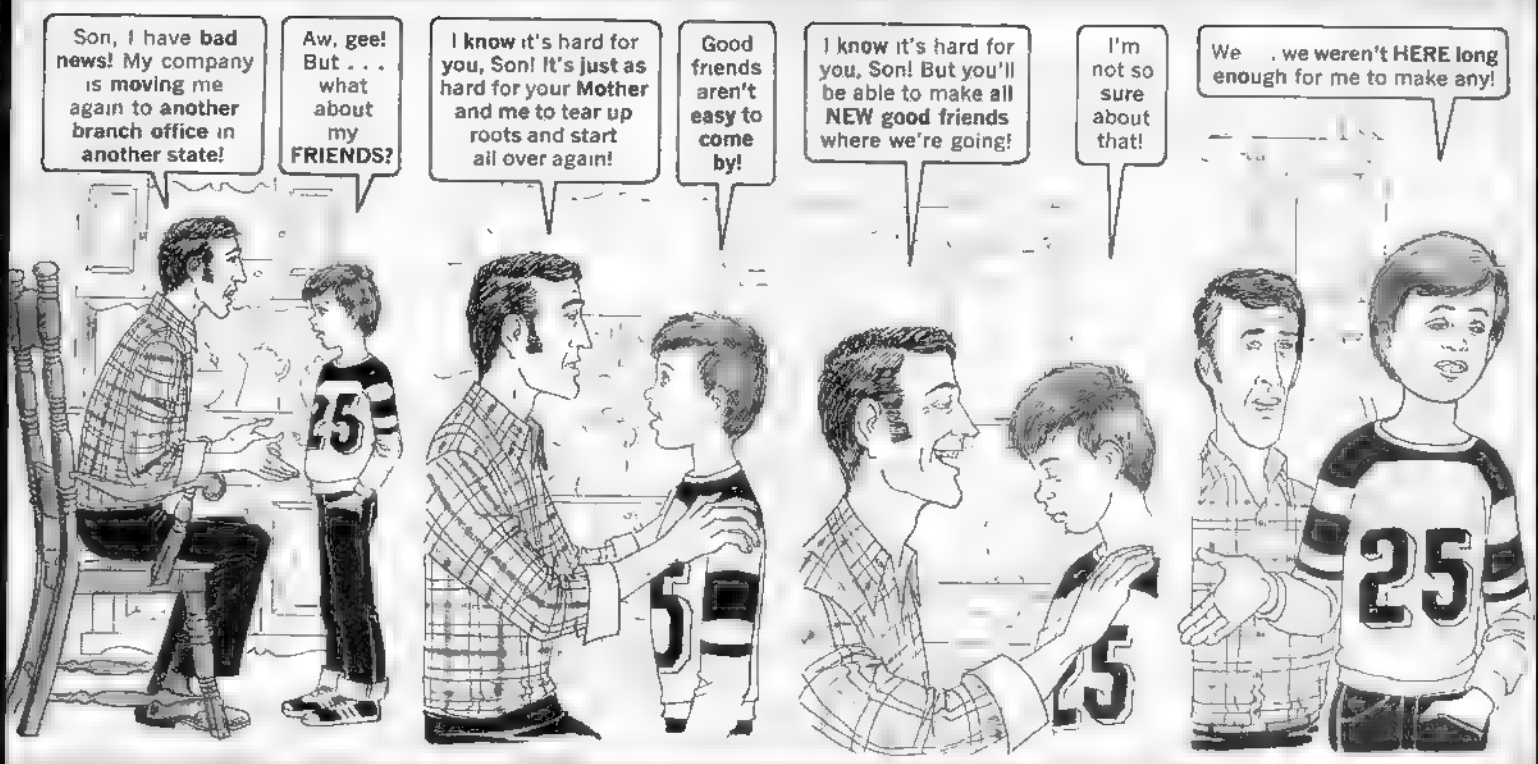
PRE-ADDED CHECKS eliminate your risk of losing money due to faulty addition. Also aids diners in remembering to tip all of your underpaid employees who need the cash badly. Checks are virtually inflation-proof as printed prices already reflect the increases you plan to make next year.
12709—"SUPERCHARGE" BRAND PRE-ADDED DINNER CHECKS $75 per 1,000

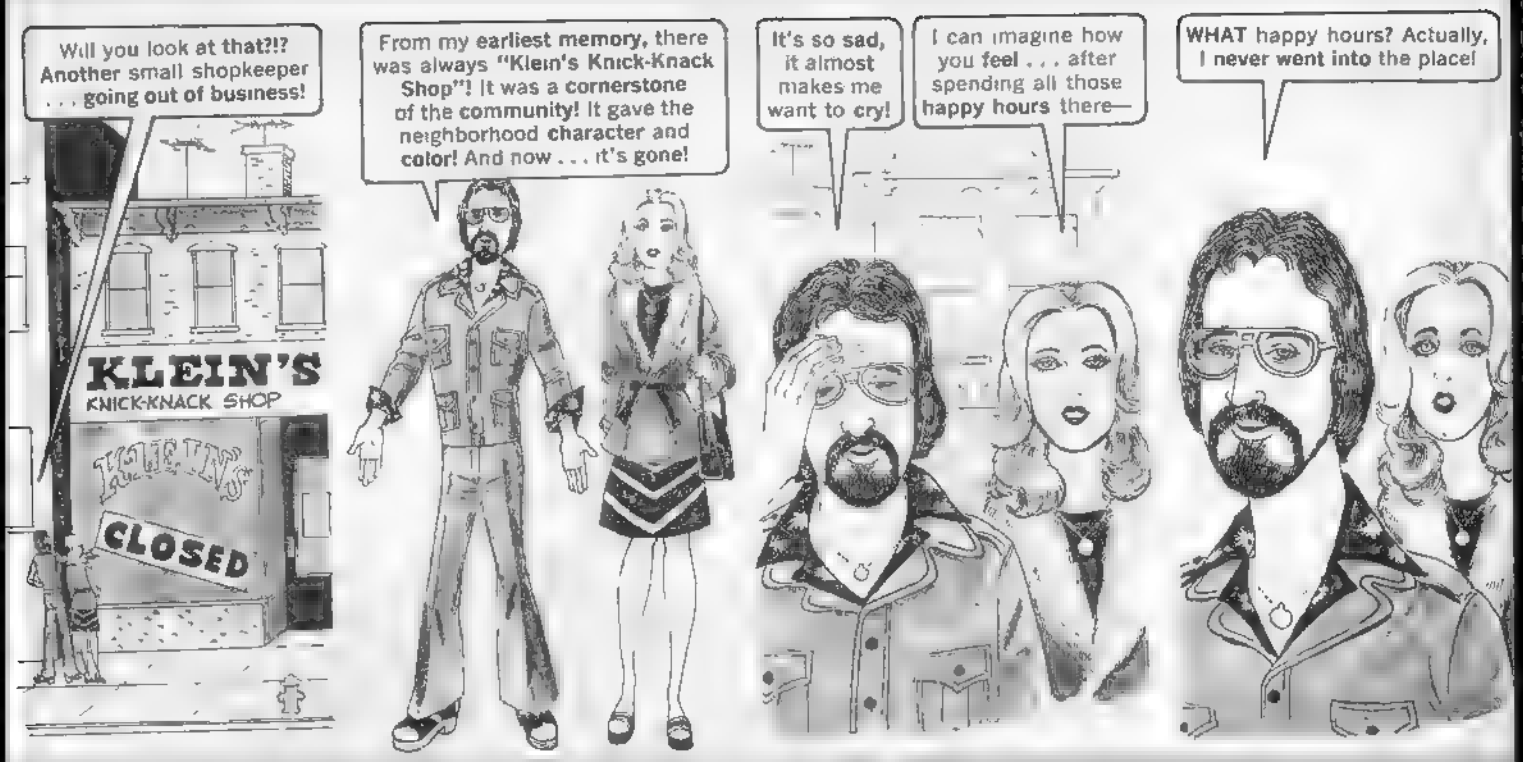


BICARBONATE OF SODA MINTS. Let after-dinner mints create a more pleasing final touch to your meals than the heartburn normally created by your greasy food. Use of sugary menthol spray has added so much phony flavoring that patrons will never dream they really eating antacid tablets. Also ideal for employees who forget to bring their lunch from home.
38117—STOMACH SAVER AFTER DINNER MINTS..... $2.69 lb.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... CH





ANGE

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

I have a **BIG** complaint, and I want to see a **BIG SHOT!**

What is the **nature** of your complaint?

Women and Blacks are replacing men in important positions! That's discrimination in REVERSE!

In that case, you'll want to see Vice-President McGilla, in Room 2207!

Yes? What can I **do** for you?

2207

Er . . . could you direct me to the **nearest exit?**

Gran'pa, my car doesn't **sound right!** Where's the **nearest garage?**

Right away, you have to go to a **garage?!?** What ever happened to **simple American ingenuity?!?**

When I was your age, and my car acted up, I'd open the **hood**, check the **distributor** and **spark plugs**, and in no time at all, it'd be working **fine again! It's simple!**

Gee, Gran'pa, would you look under **MY** hood . . . ?

Two blocks north, then turn right! You'll find a **good garage!** It's **very simple!**

That **old school** of mine sure stirs up **fond memories!** The desks had **ink wells** in them! And **I was the ink Monitor!** Today, you **don't need** things like that! Now, we have **ball-point** and **felt-tipped pens!**

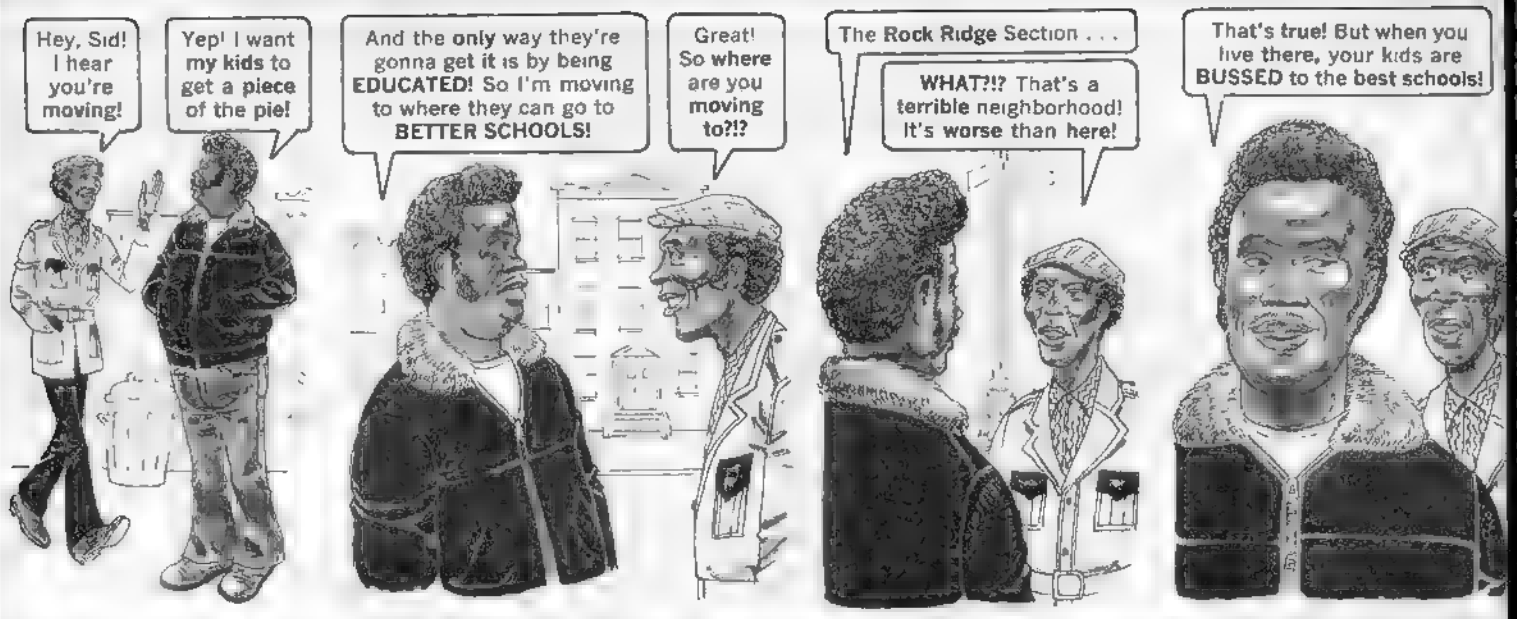
Every time we get to this neighborhood, you always **talk** about your childhood Elementary School . . . but you never **show** it to me!

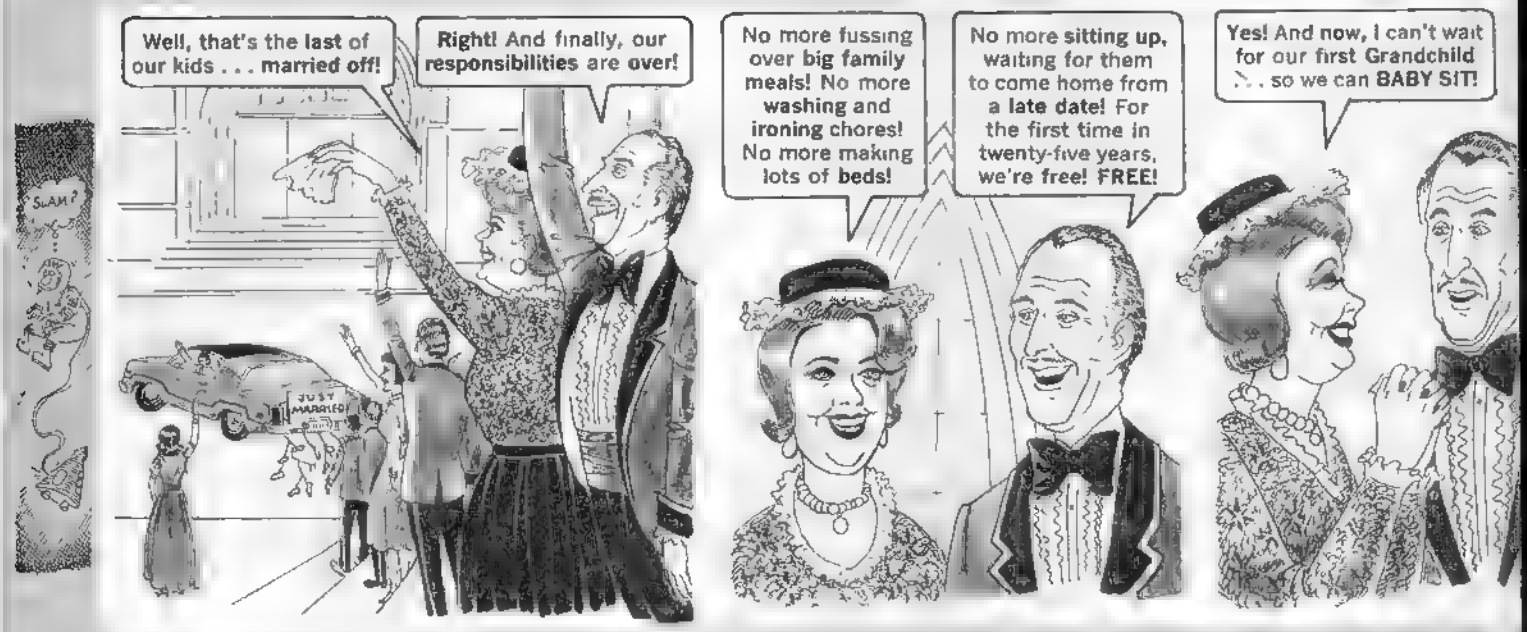
Okay! Look out the **window!**

The **Principal's Office** used to be where that **blue Cadillac** is parked . . . and the little **Boy's Room** was where that **yellow Pinto** is standing . . . and . . .

MALL

Parking


Hey, Sid! I hear you're moving!
Yep! I want my kids to get a piece of the pie!
And the only way they're gonna get it is by being EDUCATED! So I'm moving to where they can go to BETTER SCHOOLS!
Great! So where are you moving to?!?
The Rock Ridge Section . . .
WHAT?!? That's a terrible neighborhood! It's worse than here!
That's true! But when you live there, your kids are BUSSED to the best schools!


Well, that's the last of our kids . . . married off!
Right! And finally, our responsibilities are over!
JUST MARRIED!
No more fussing over big family meals! No more washing and ironing chores! No more making lots of beds!
No more sitting up, waiting for them to come home from a late date! For the first time in twenty-five years, we're free! FREE!
Yes! And now, I can't wait for our first Grandchild . . . so we can BABY SIT!

Roger Kaputnik!! is that YOU?!? You've CHANGED!!
Really? Not that I'm aware of!
Sure! You always wore such drab clothing! Now, you're wearing a loud, flashy checked suit with a pink shirt and a paisley tie!
So?
So you used to dress ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE! What happened . . . ?!?
Today, this IS conservative!

I can remember back when I didn't have to lock my car doors, and all my neighbors were really good neighbors!

Then, things began to change! Not only did I have to lock my car, but I had to install an ALARM SYSTEM!

Sure enough, one night, someone tried to break into my car which set off the alarm which started an ear-piercing racket that could be heard for blocks! But not ONE neighbor wanted to get involved! NOBODY tried to stop the crook!

My gosh! What did you do?!?

Nothing!! I didn't want to get involved either!!

Por favor, Señor¿ Habla usted Español?

Sorry, but I simply cannot understand you!

We should really make more of an effort to communicate with these locals . . . !

Ever since we arrived here as tourists, I've felt so stupid! Everybody speaks Spanish but me—even little kids!

When in Rome, do as the Romans do . . . !

But we're NOT IN ROME!!

THIS IS THE UNITED STATES!

Mother, you'd better sit down! John and I have something to tell you!

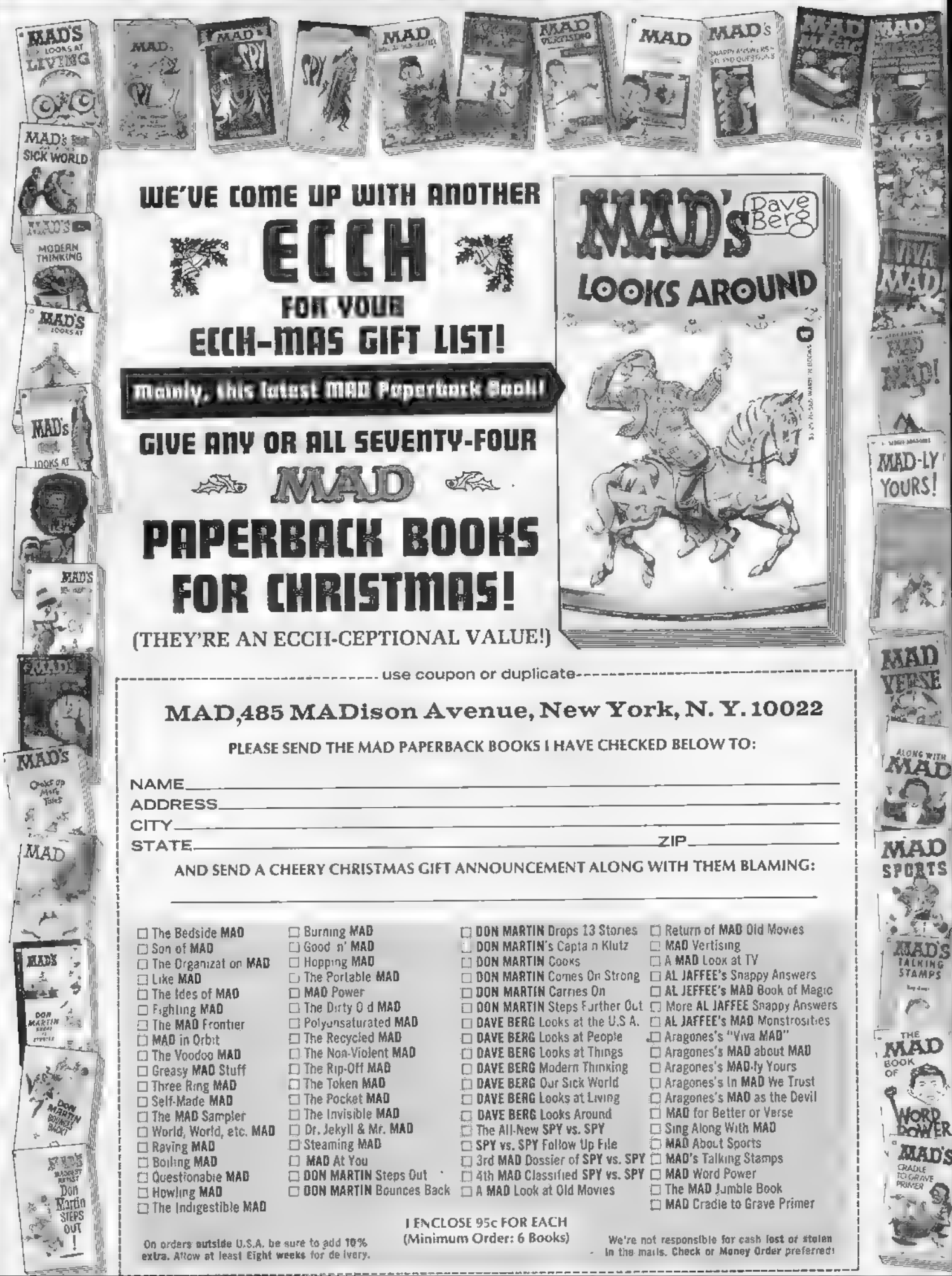
For the past six months, John and I have been—uh—living together . . . without being married or anything!

Oh . . . ?

Considering what a strait-laced, puritanical square my Mother is, she took it rather well!

YAAAA!

David Berg



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- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Further Out
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- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People
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- ☐ DAVE BERG Modern Thinking
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BITING HUMOR DEPT.

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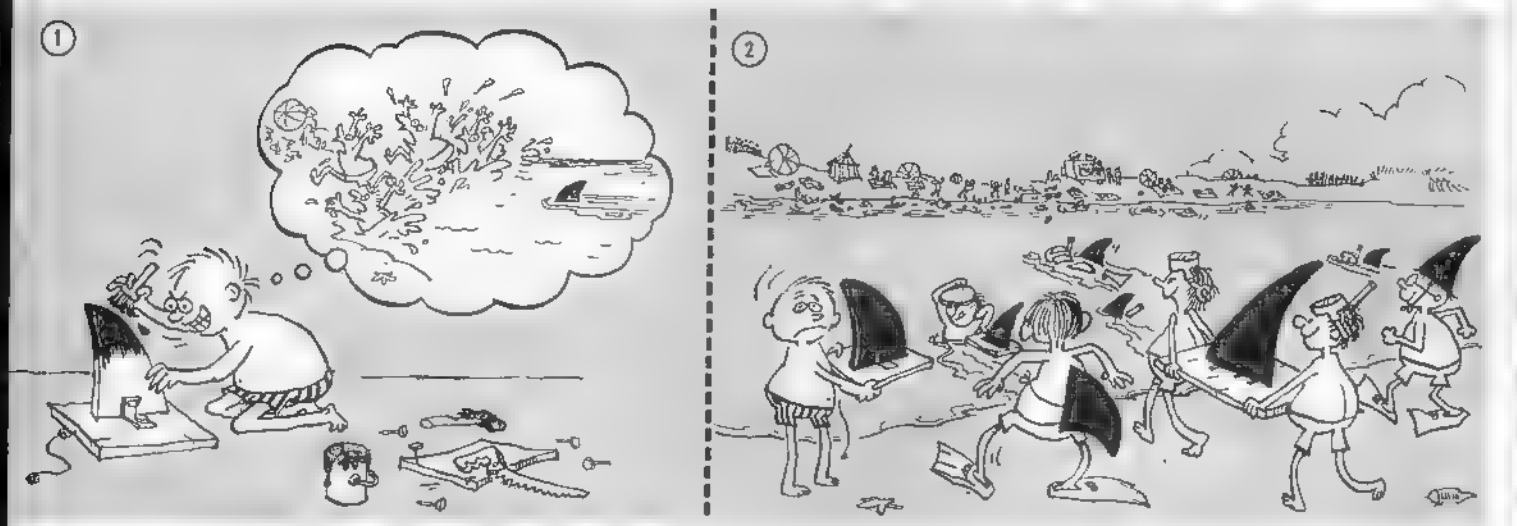

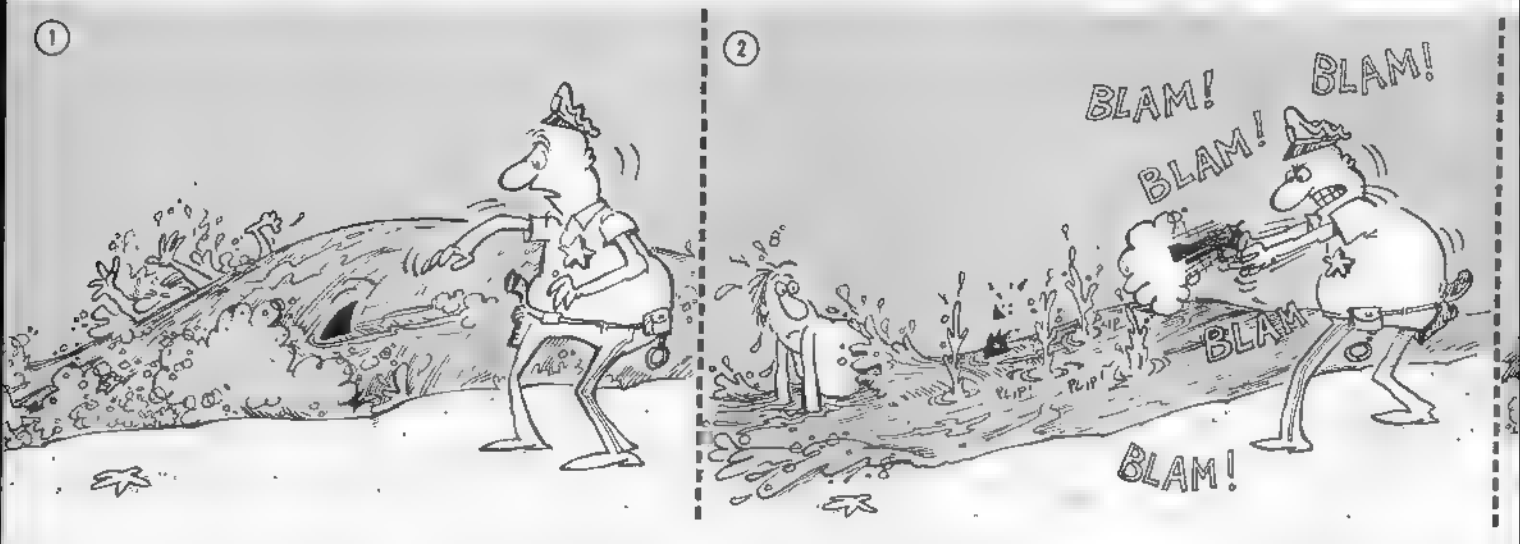

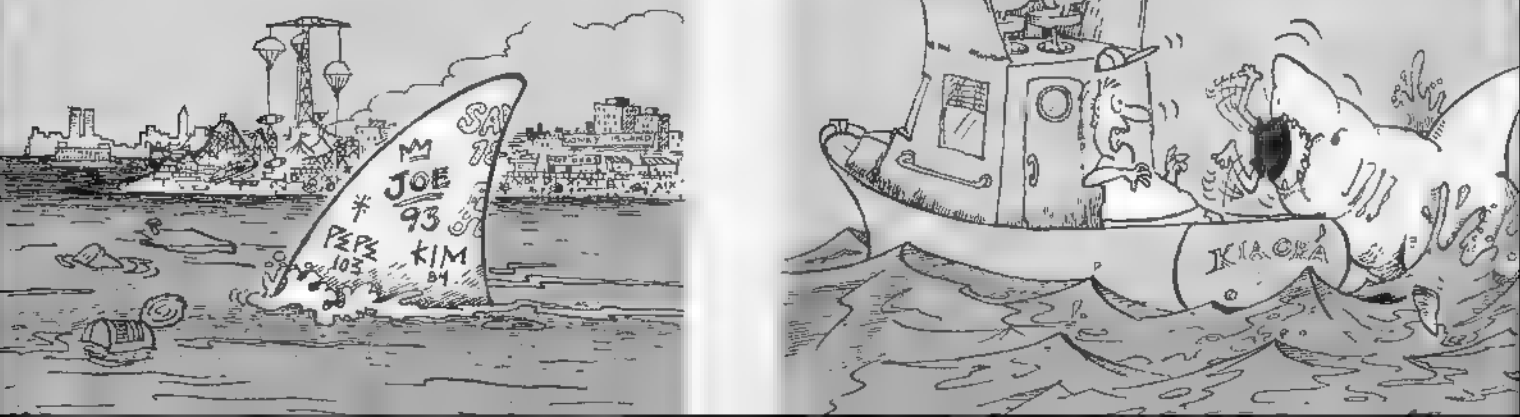

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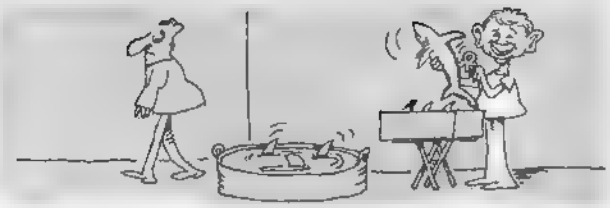
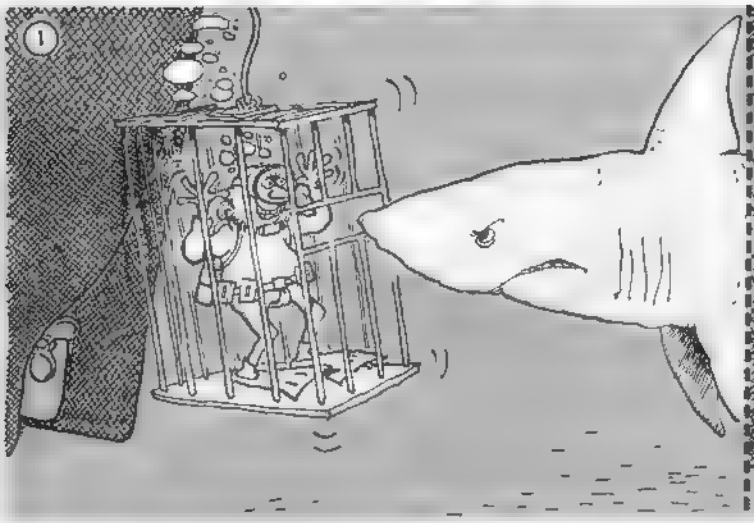
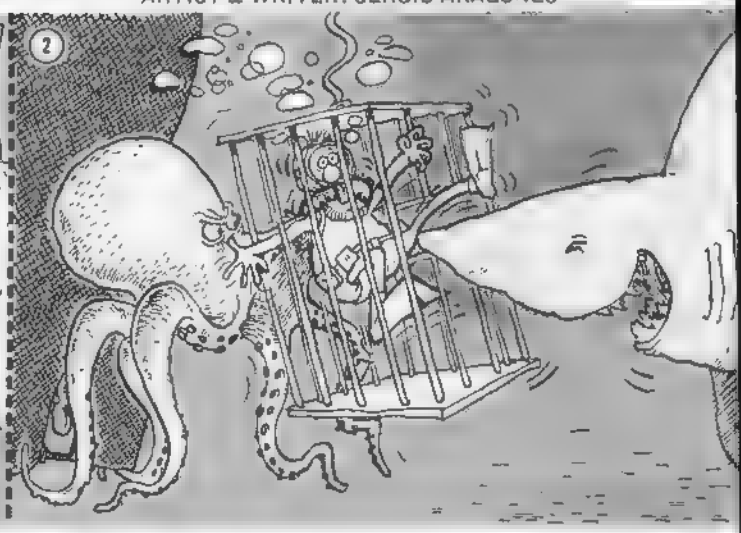
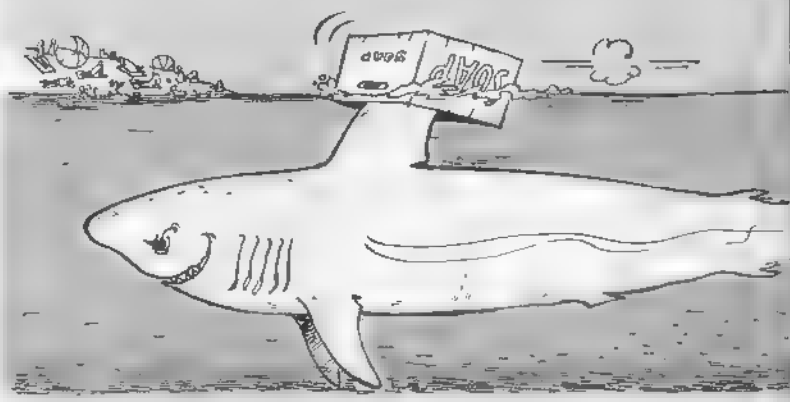
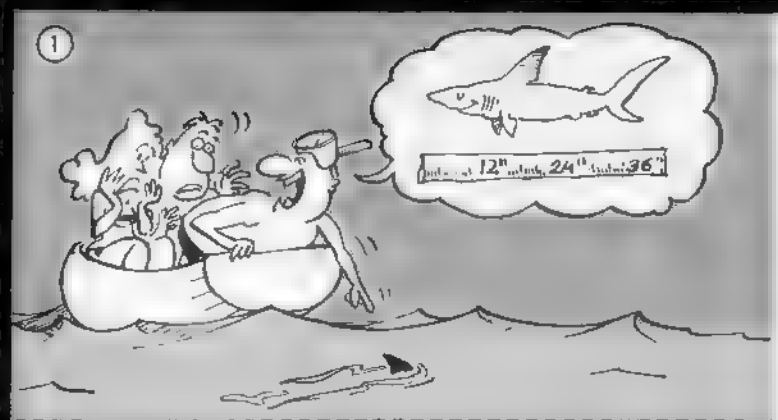


ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





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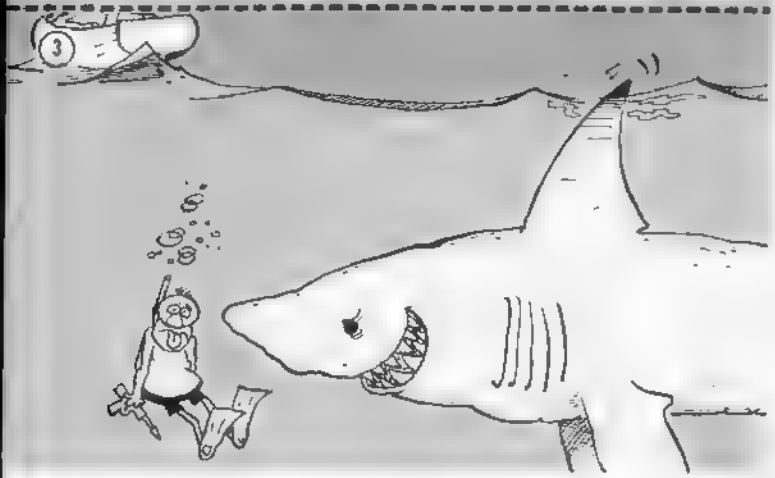
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$50 FINE
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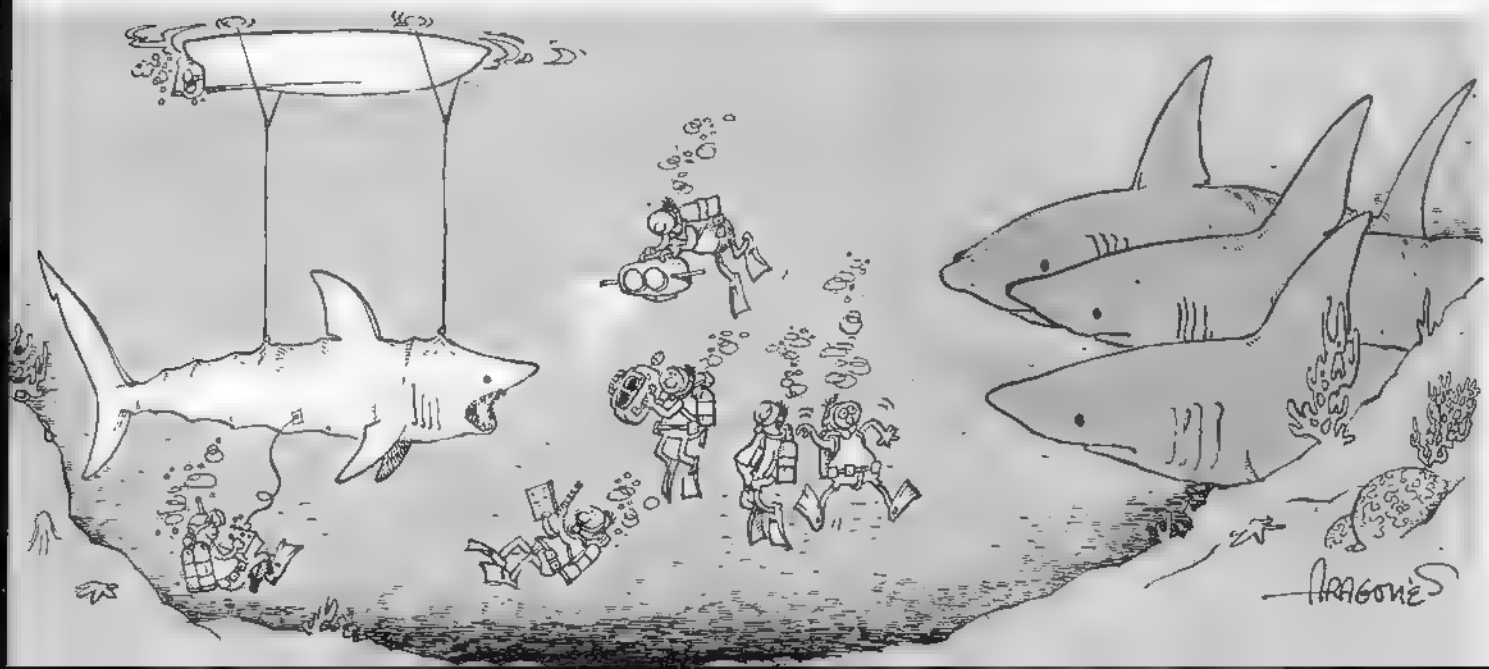
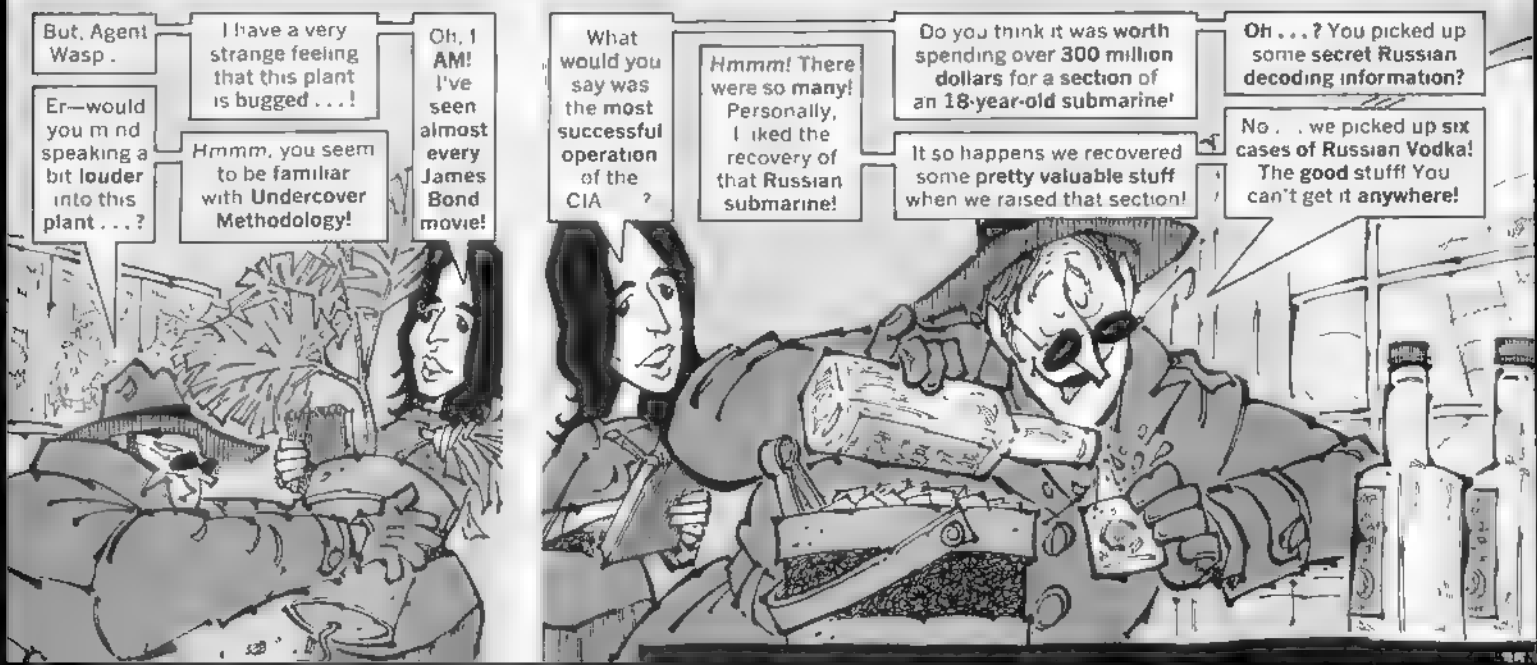

ARAGONÉS

WE'RE SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS DEPT.

Hi! This is **Joan Byez** with another in-depth interview for MAD Magazine! A **strange choice** for a guest interviewer? Well, not **nearly** as strange as the **man** I've been asked to interview! This is **Special Agent G. Howard Wasp . . .**

MAD'S CIA AGENT OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

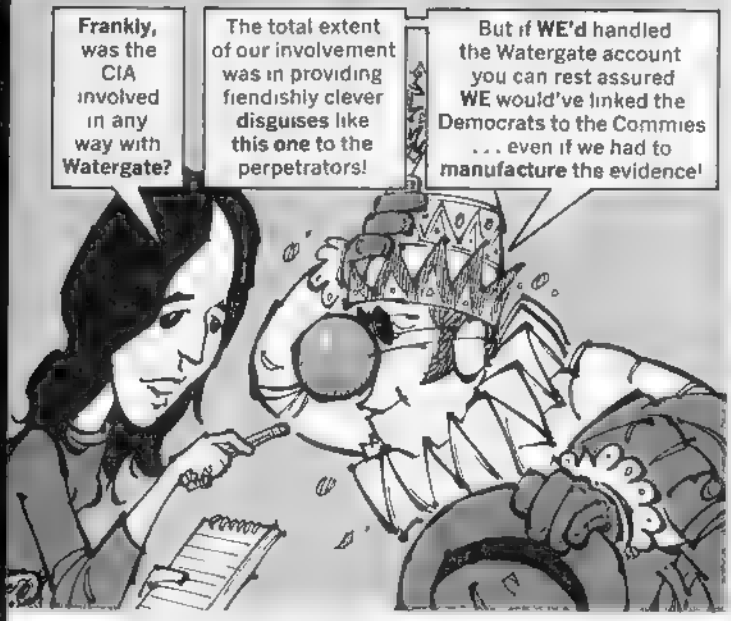


Hey!! That's SABOTAGE!
All I did was throw a gum wrapper into your wastepaper basket . . . !
It may be just a wastepaper basket to you, but in enemy hands, it's a gold mine of intelligence information! We have trash inspection twice a day, and if the Chief finds anything important in any of them . . . man, it's bad news!
I'm sorry! Had I known, I would have SWALLOWED the stupid thing!

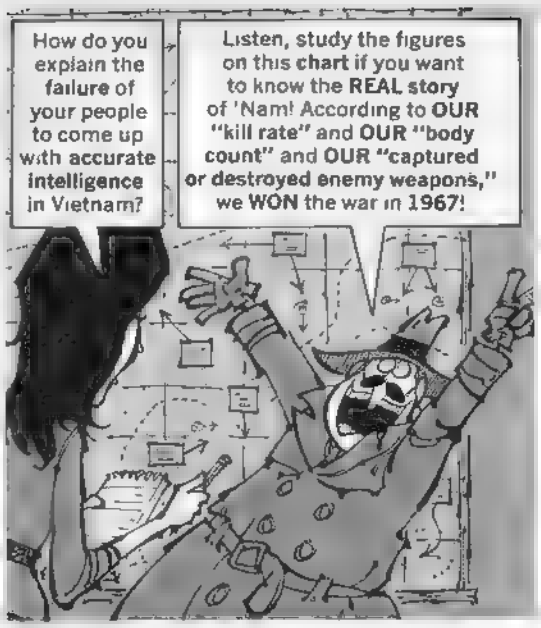
Don't joke! The CIA has a phony Cleaning Service that picks up the trash from foreign embassies and airlines, recovering valuable items like this!
It looks like a—yecch—a USED Kleenex!
Only to YOUR un-trained eye! But to us, it tells us plenty about the health of a Russian biggie! See? He has a COLD!
Lucky he doesn't have diarrhea!

This is one of the most important Departments of our organization!
Is this where you plan your COVERT strategies?
No, this is where we dream up excuses in case anything goes wrong!

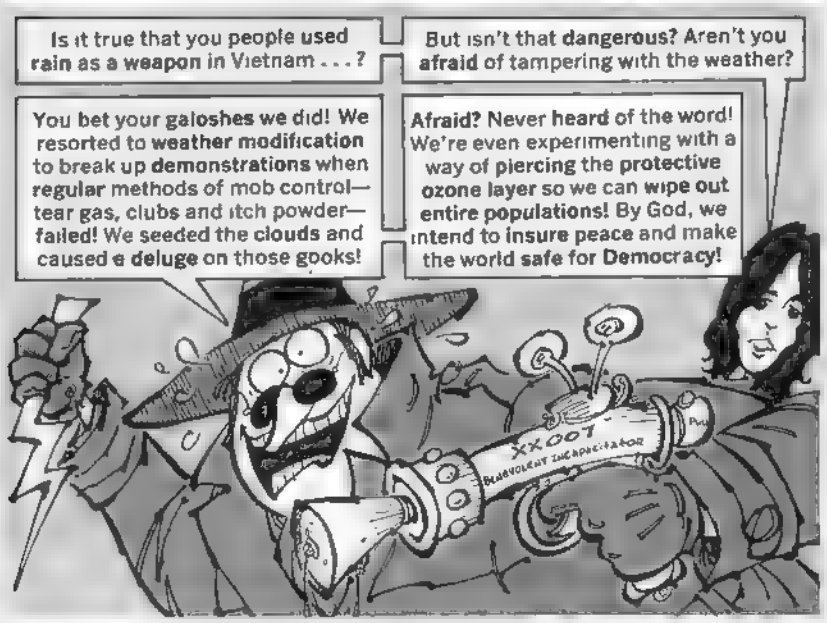
Speaking of things going wrong, would you tell us about some of the CIA's more famous BLUNDERS?
Er . . . we refer to such things as our "Counter-productive Operations". . . !
How about a few words on the "Bay of Pigs" fiasco?
I'm afraid I'll have to invoke "National Security" on that one!
But wasn't it sheer insanity to attempt to invade Cuba with a badly-trained army of 1400 men . . . pitting them against a crack Military force of 400,000 . . . ?!?
Not when GOD is on our side! You forget! They were 400,000 GODLESS COMMIES!

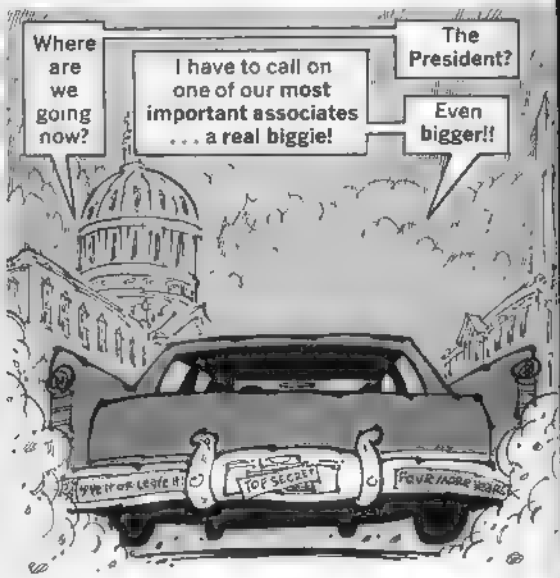

Frankly, was the CIA involved in any way with Watergate?
The total extent of our involvement was in providing fiendishly clever disguises like this one to the perpetrators!
But if WE'd handled the Watergate account you can rest assured WE would've linked the Democrats to the Commies . . . even if we had to manufacture the evidence!

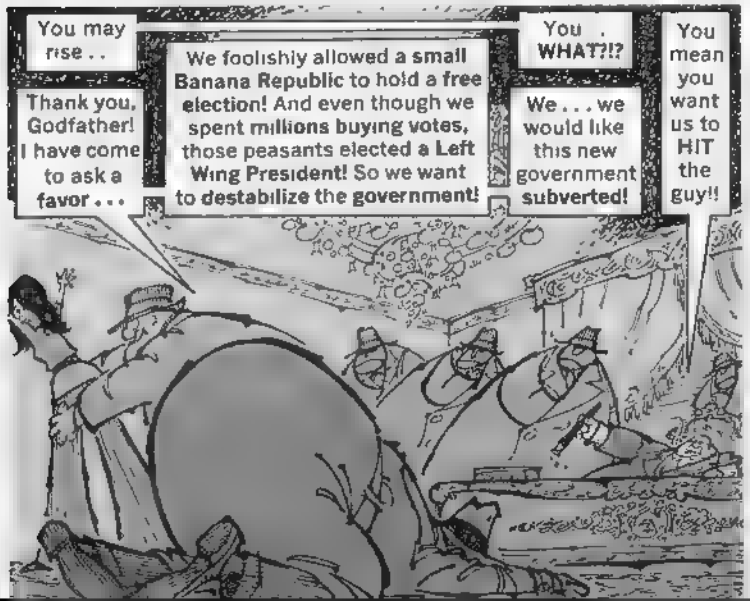
And what's this? Your Secret Code Room?
No, these are just some abbreviations for the Intelligence Reports we submit to the President so he'll know what's going on in the world!
Which one does he consider to be the most RELIABLE and USEFUL source of information . . . ?
The New York Times!
DEA
PEEKLE
COMINT
SNAFU
NIE
ELINT
FBIS
CYA
RJ

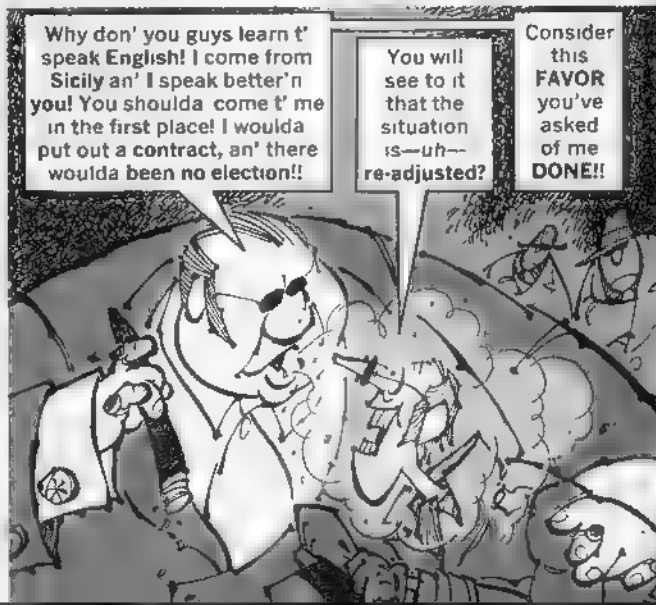

How do you explain the failure of your people to come up with accurate intelligence in Vietnam?
Listen, study the figures on this chart if you want to know the REAL story of 'Nam! According to OUR "kill rate" and OUR "body count" and OUR "captured or destroyed enemy weapons," we WON the war in 1967!

Since most of the information the CIA gets comes through legitimate channels, why do you spend so much time with the "Cloak and Dagger" stuff?
We have to keep ahead of the KGB in the all-important "Dirty Tricks" War! I hate to say this, but they receive much better cooperation from their citizens then we do from ours! Every Russian tourist or performer or dancing bear that goes abroad works for the KGB! All the American tourist is interested in is food, booze and sex!
And another advantage the KGB has over us is: When one of THEIR agents has his job terminated, it's Siberia for him . . . if he's lucky! When one of OUR guys drops out, he writes a book EXPOSING the CIA!
COMMIE RAT FINK


Is it true that you people used rain as a weapon in Vietnam . . . ?
But isn't that dangerous? Aren't you afraid of tampering with the weather?
You bet your galoshes we did! We resorted to weather modification to break up demonstrations when regular methods of mob control—tear gas, clubs and itch powder—failed! We seeded the clouds and caused a deluge on those gooks!
Afraid? Never heard of the word! We're even experimenting with a way of piercing the protective ozone layer so we can wipe out entire populations! By God, we intend to insure peace and make the world safe for Democracy!
XX007
BENEVOLENT INCAPACITATOR


Where are we going now?
I have to call on one of our most important associates . . . a real biggie!
The President?
Even bigger!!
TOP SECRET
FOUR MORE YEARS


You may rise . .
Thank you, Godfather! I have come to ask a favor . . .
We foolishly allowed a small Banana Republic to hold a free election! And even though we spent millions buying votes, those peasants elected a Left Wing President! So we want to destabilize the government!
You . . WHAT?!?
We . . . we would like this new government subverted!
You mean you want us to HIT the guy!!


Why don' you guys learn t' speak English! I come from Sicily an' I speak better'n you! You shoulda come t' me in the first place! I woulda put out a contract, an' there woulda been no election!!
You will see to it that the situation is—uh—re-adjusted?
Consider this FAVOR you've asked of me DONE!!

Thank you, Godfather! We will pay you anything you ask!

I don' want money! I consider it an honor t' help my country! But . . . of course . . . I may call upon YOU to do ME a small favor in return . . . someday . . .

Anything! If the IRS, or a Crime Commission gets on your back, let us know! We'll handle it!

I'm shocked! I am really shocked! I can't believe an official agency of the United States Government would do business with ORGANIZED CRIME!

Listen, lady! We're engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Commies, and we'll accept assistance from ANY source to help preserve and spread the American way of life! Besides, if you want somebody rubbed out . . . where ELSE can you go?

Excuse me one minute, Miss Byez! I have to make a contact!

Hey, man, it's about time you got here with the bread! It's not easy to get those college kids to riot! This ain't the 60's, y'know! Today, all them dudes worry about is finding jobs after they graduate!

Well, do the best you can! Remember, your country's counting on you!

Today's college kids just don't have any spirit!

You mean you PAY dissidents to stir up unrest on college campuses!

Of course we do! We finance . . . and we infiltrate many Left Wing groups on campuses in order to determine if they're being influenced in any way by subversives from abroad! Besides, if we don't help them, the enemy will!

Like Russia and China?

No, the FBI!

You mean you regard the FBI as "the enemy"?

They're a disgrace to undercover work! If OUR company had the Hearst account, you can rest assured that Patty would have been wasted long ago, no matter how many doors we had to kick in!

But isn't domestic spying actually forbidden by the CIA Charter?

Listen, if people have nothing to hide . . . why should they object to being checked out?

The old "If you're clean, why should you care?" philosophy!

Glad you understand! It makes my job so much easier! Now . . . how much money did you earn last year? I can check with IRS, y'know! What magazines and newspapers do you read?

What organizations do you belong to?

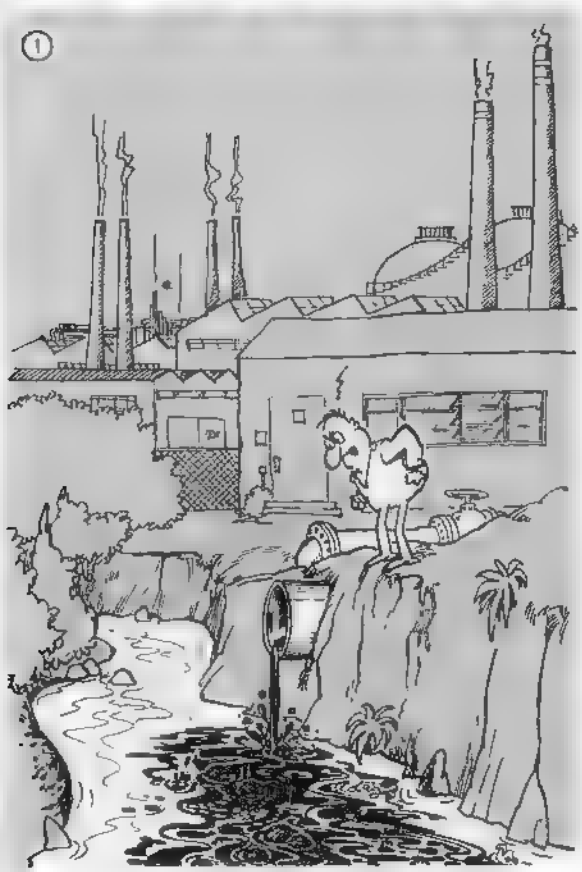
Do you contribute to any political party or group?

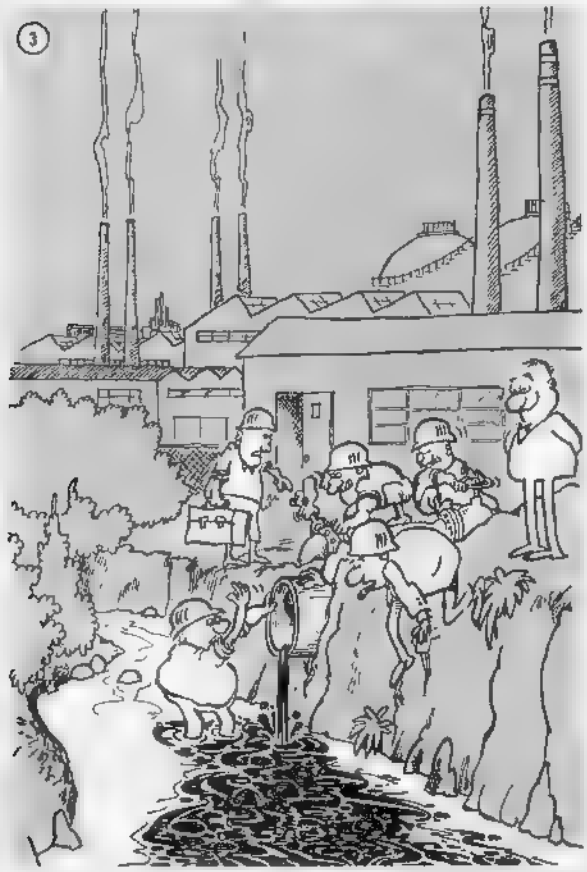
How often did you and your husband—

This is Joan Byez—signing off, and returning you to MAD Magazine!

ECCHOLOGY DEPT.

Pollution Alert





ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

WEARY OF RELATIVITY DEPT.

As Albert Einstein explained, Time is relative. Which means that, sometimes, Time passes faster or slower than other times. You find that hard to believe?

TIME DRAGS...

TIME DRAGS...

...when you're waiting your turn on the roller coaster.

TIME FLIES...

...when you're on the ride.

TIME DRAGS...

...when you're waiting for your Mother in the Hat Department.

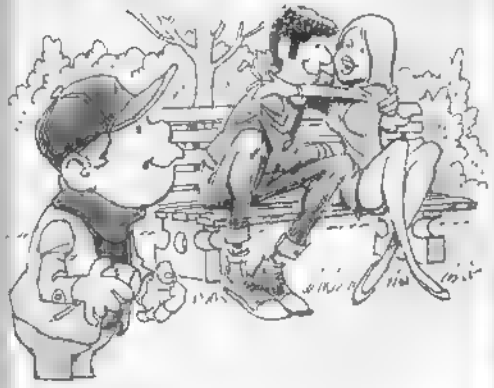
TIME DRAGS...

...when your football team is winning by only 2 points.

TIME FLIES...

...when your football team is losing by only 2 points.

TIME DRAGS...

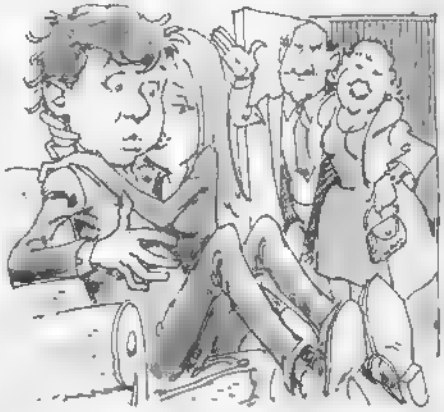


...between being a child... and becoming a young adult.

TIME DRAGS...

...till her parents go out.

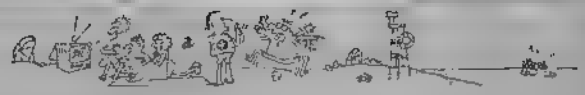
TIME FLIES...



...before they come back.

TIME DRAGS...

...between paychecks.



Well, notice how fast Time goes when you're enjoying yourself, as compared to how slow it passes when you're reading a dull article like this one, called . . .

TIME FLIES...

ARTIST:
JACK RICKARD

WRITER:
STAN HART

TIME FLIES...

...when your Mother is waiting for you in the Toy Department.

TIME DRAGS...

...waiting for Xmas morning, so you can open your presents.

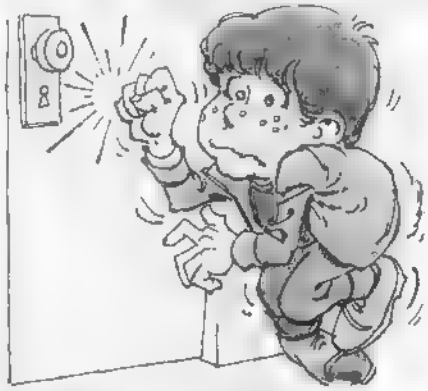
TIME FLIES...

...before they're all broken.

TIME FLIES...

...between being a young adult ...and becoming an old adult.

TIME DRAGS...



...waiting for someone to get out of the bathroom.

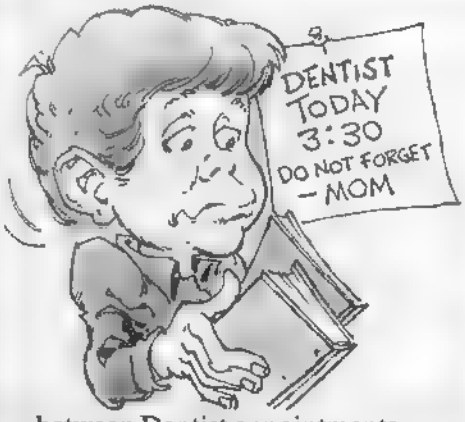
TIME FLIES...

...before someone wants you to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...

...between bills.

TIME FLIES...



...between Dentist appointments.

TIME DRAGS...

...when he's drilling your tooth.

ATTENTION!

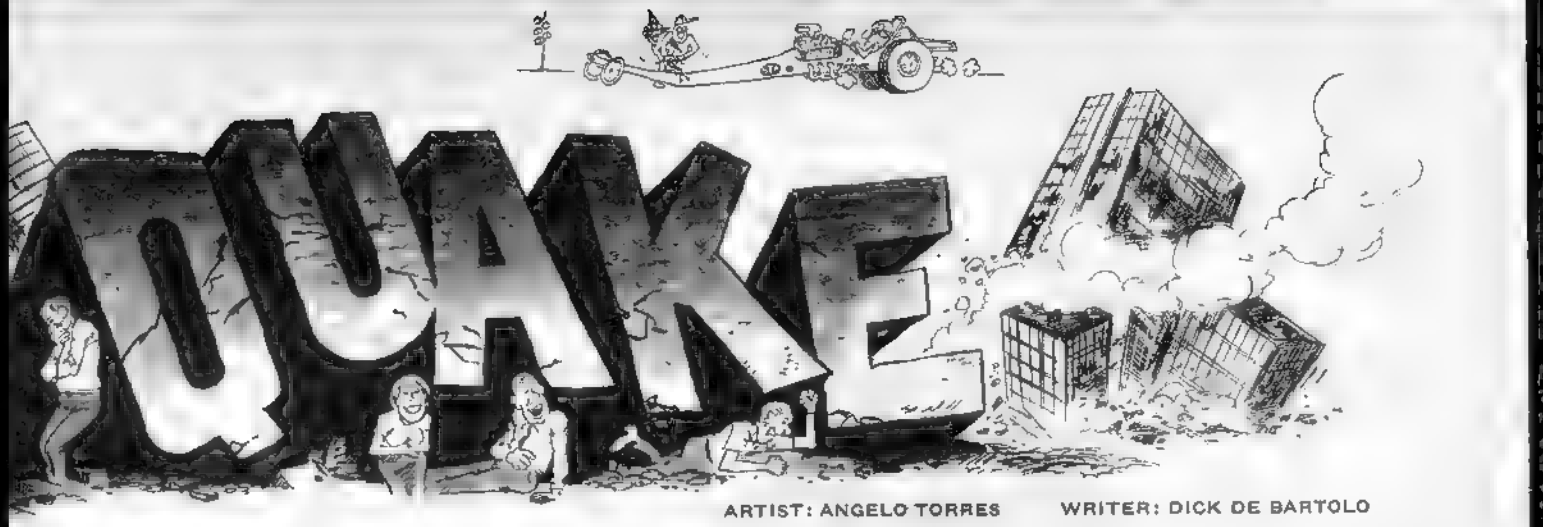
There's a gimmicky film filled with special effects, that also features

SENSELESSROUNDS

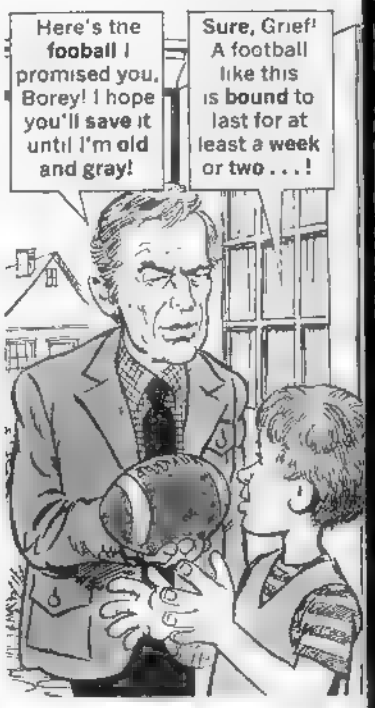
of inane dialogue. Please be aware that this satire features the same thing, and that as you read it and see the pictures, you will suddenly start to feel something. Therefore, the Editors take no responsibility for your physical or your emotional reactions . . . or your dry cleaning bills . . . as you read through MAD's

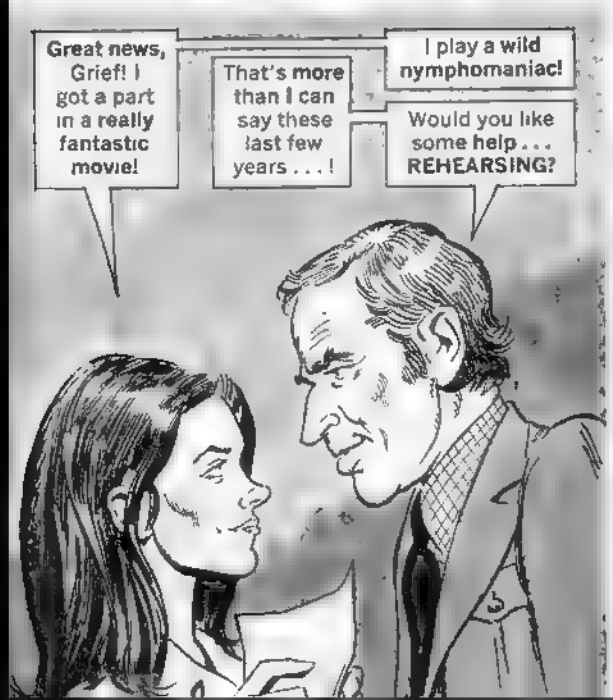
PLAYING IT FOR SHAKE VALUE DEPT.

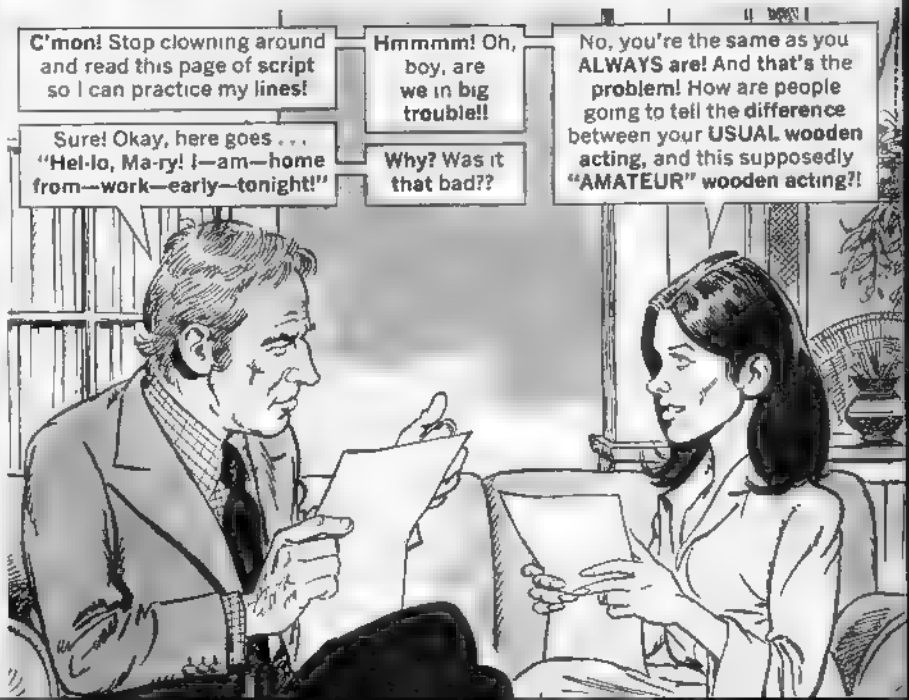
MIRTH



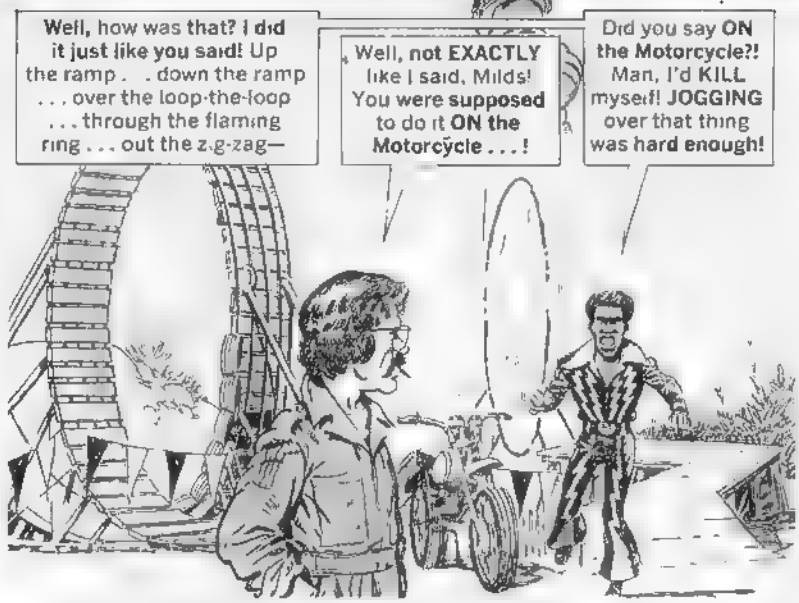
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

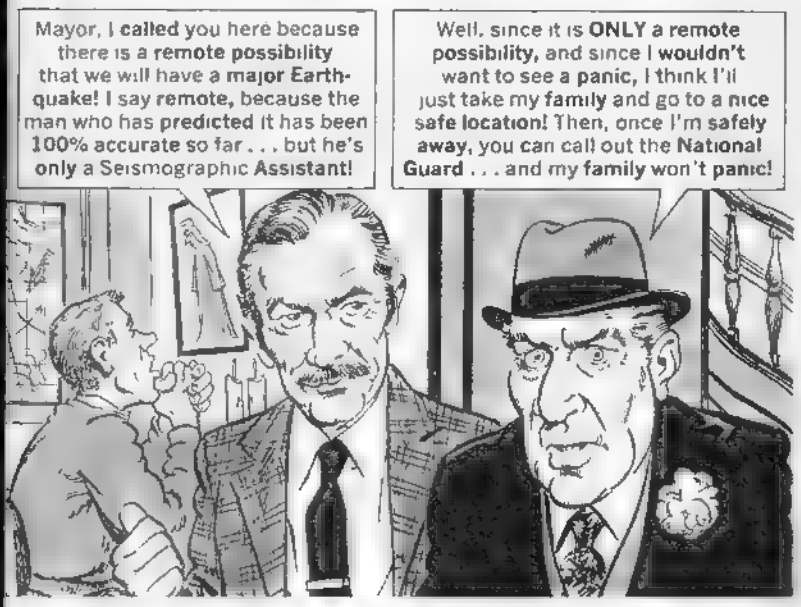




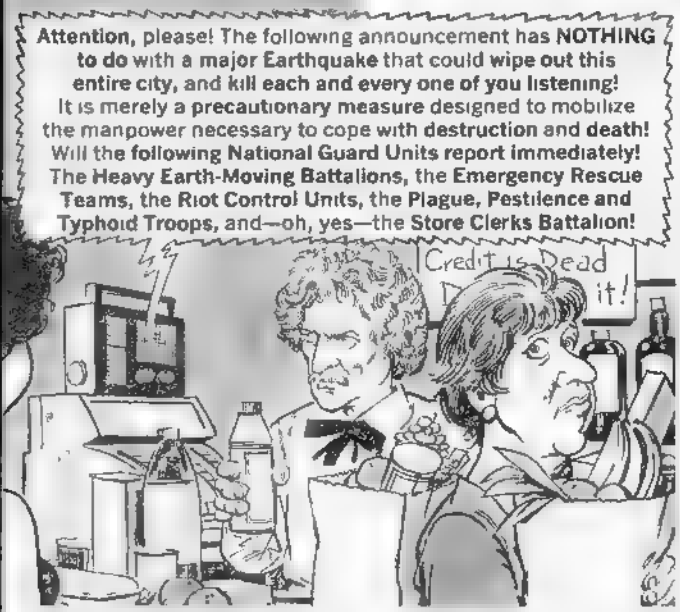


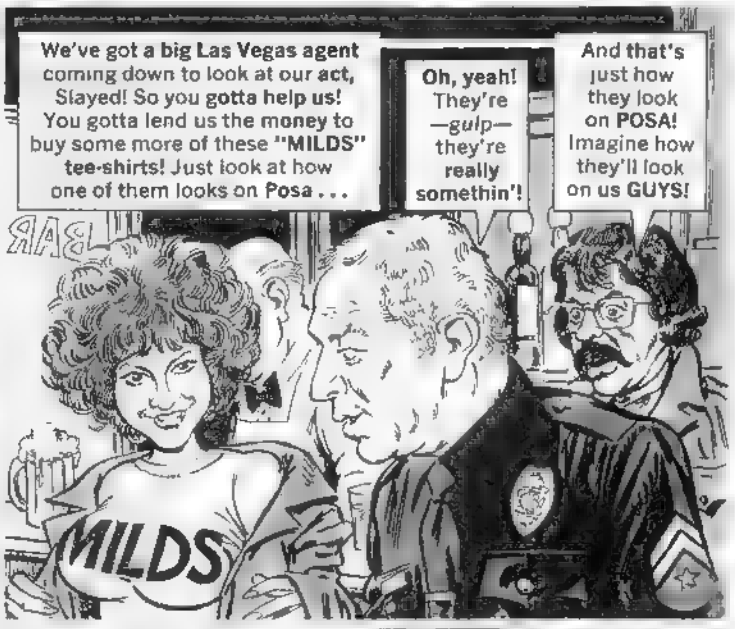
Listen, kid! You're only a lousy Assistant here! So far this year, every time you said we were going to have a tremor, we HAD one! NOW you say we're going to have a MAJOR EARTHQUAKE?!?
That's what I've figured out, Sir!
Well, let me warn you! If we DO, any damage it does will come out of YOUR PAY!


Well, how was that? I did it just like you said! Up the ramp . . . down the ramp . . . over the loop-the-loop . . . through the flaming ring . . . out the zig-zag—
Well, not EXACTLY like I said, Milds! You were supposed to do it ON the Motorcycle . . . !
Did you say ON the Motorcycle?! Man, I'd KILL myself! JOGGING over that thing was hard enough!


Mayor, I called you here because there is a remote possibility that we will have a major Earthquake! I say remote, because the man who has predicted it has been 100% accurate so far . . . but he's only a Seismographic Assistant!
Well, since it is ONLY a remote possibility, and since I wouldn't want to see a panic, I think I'll just take my family and go to a nice safe location! Then, once I'm safely away, you can call out the National Guard . . . and my family won't panic!

All you have to do is sit behind me on my bike as I loop-the-loop, jump this 30-foot stretch of sharp pickets and leap through a wall of flame at 100 miles an hour!
Not me! I'm not doing anything like that with you!
You know what your problem is, Baby? You're filled with RACIAL PREJUDICE!


Attention, please! The following announcement has NOTHING to do with a major Earthquake that could wipe out this entire city, and kill each and every one of you listening! It is merely a precautionary measure designed to mobilize the manpower necessary to cope with destruction and death! Will the following National Guard Units report immediately! The Heavy Earth-Moving Battalions, the Emergency Rescue Teams, the Riot Control Units, the Plague, Pestilence and Typhoid Troops, and—oh, yes—the Store Clerks Battalion!
Credit is Dead
it!


We've got a big Las Vegas agent coming down to look at our act, Slayed! So you gotta help us! You gotta lend us the money to buy some more of these "MILDS" tee-shirts! Just look at how one of them looks on Posa . . .
Oh, yeah! They're —gulp— they're really somethin'!
And that's just how they look on POSA! Imagine how they'll look on us GUYS!
MILDS

Daddy you've got to do me a big favor!

I'll do anything you ask, Seamy! You know you've always been very special to me! You're the only daughter I ever had that was OLDER than me!

You've got to give Grief the business!

I'd be glad to, Honey! But if he doesn't like it coming from YOU, I doubt if he'll like it any better coming from ME!

I want your permission to upgrade the "specs" of the building we're going to construct for you . . . !

Why?!? Don't the old specs meet the Building Code?

Of course! But just meeting the Building Code these days isn't ENOUGH! Look at that building across the street!

But . . . but there's NO building across the street!

See what I mean?!

Okay . . . enough, already! I give you my permission to upgrade the specs! Now stop this ridiculous demonstration!!

Sorry . . . but this is no demonstration! It's a REAL EARTHQUAKE!

Mr. Grief! Mr. Grief! Our Window Washer just fell thirty stories!!

Well, what difference does THAT make?! We don't have any more WINDOWS!!

Are you alright?

How come, when your BUILDING is falling down around us, you suddenly start thinking of me?

I—I guess seeing ONE wreck made me think of ANOTHER!

Then you DO care for me! Will you stop seeing that Marshmallow woman?

I'll make a deal with you! I'll see YOU during Earthquakes, and I'll see HER the rest of the time!

RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE.

I just can't win! Last month, I saw "Towering Inferno" and got so scared, I moved from the thirty-eighth floor to the BASEMENT!

NOW, all thirty-eight floors are falling down on TOP of me . . . !

Man, that IS a great act!!

But are you SURE you can do it THREE TIMES A DAY?

I can let you have this four-story building for $80,000 . . . er, this three-story building for $60,000 . . . er, this two-story building for $40,000 . . . er, how about a nice PARKING LOT for $10,000?!?

NOW what are you complaining about?! For years, you have been saying you wanted to move into the Valley! Well . . . now you're in the Valley, so SHUT UP!

Excuse me, did you see a Ranch-style House with a Car Port go by here?

No, just a Church, a Post Office and a Ball Park! But I'll keep my eyes open!

Listen! Tell you what! Forget the $5000 price I just asked for it! I'm in a good mood today! Fifty bucks takes it away!!

BIG REBATES ON 15

RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE... RUMBLE...

Good Lord! What happened?

With all the leaking gas around, that jerk just ran into his house with a lit cigarette . . .

See . . . ? [redacted] really IS dangerous to your health!

Help me! I need a Doctor! I—need a Doctor!

I'm a Doctor . . . !

I can't believe it! A Doctor . . . here . . . just when I need one!

Well, there's nothing else to do! My Golf Course is one big SANDTRAP!

HEY! What are you doing?!

The Cop back there said this was an EMERGENCY . . . and we should all help ourselves! So I'm HELPING MYSELF!!

J. WIENCKO TV-APPLIANCES

RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE... RUMBLE....

Okay . . . everybody calm down! The worst is over!

You . . . you mean the tremors are finished?!?

No . . . I mean we're half-way through the movie!

Now, listen! The stairs between this floor and the next five floors have been torn away! I'm going to have to lower you folks in this chair—one at a time!

Okay, girls—take off your Panty Hose!

Why? Are you thinking of using our Panty Hose to tie us into the chair?

No, actually just watching girls take off their Panty Hose turns me on!

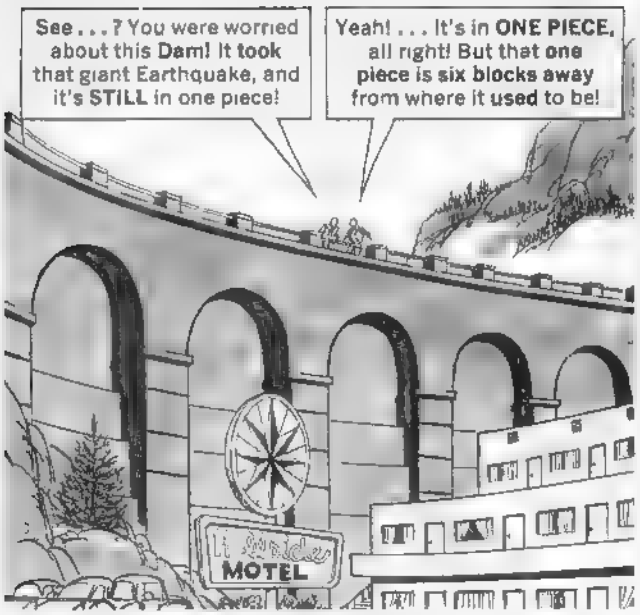
But maybe it isn't such a bad idea . .

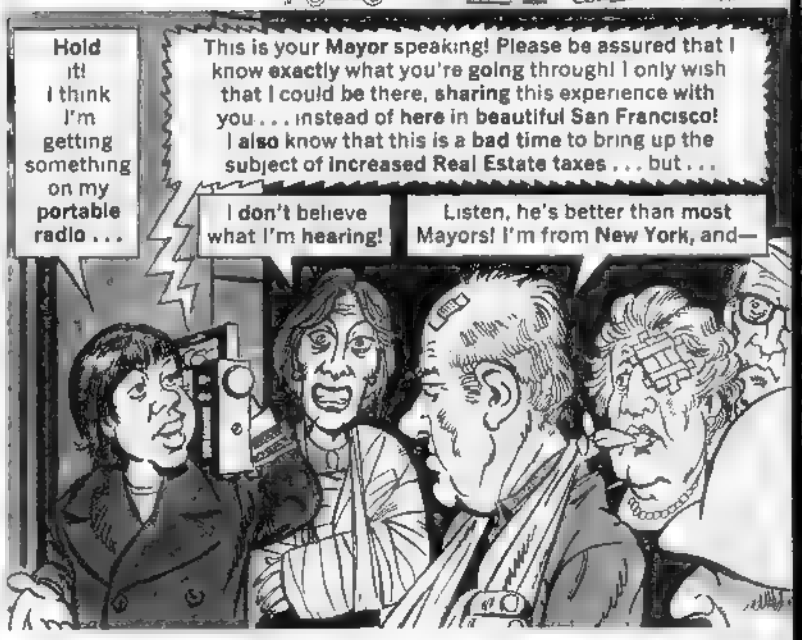
Here goes the first one!

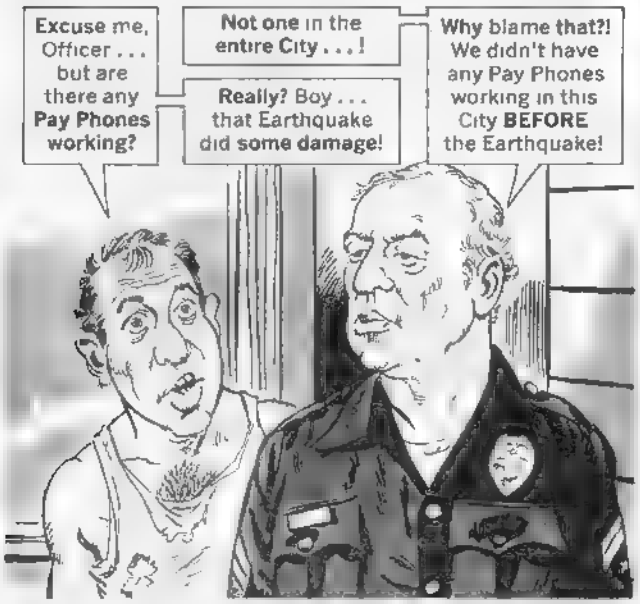
HELLLLLLLP

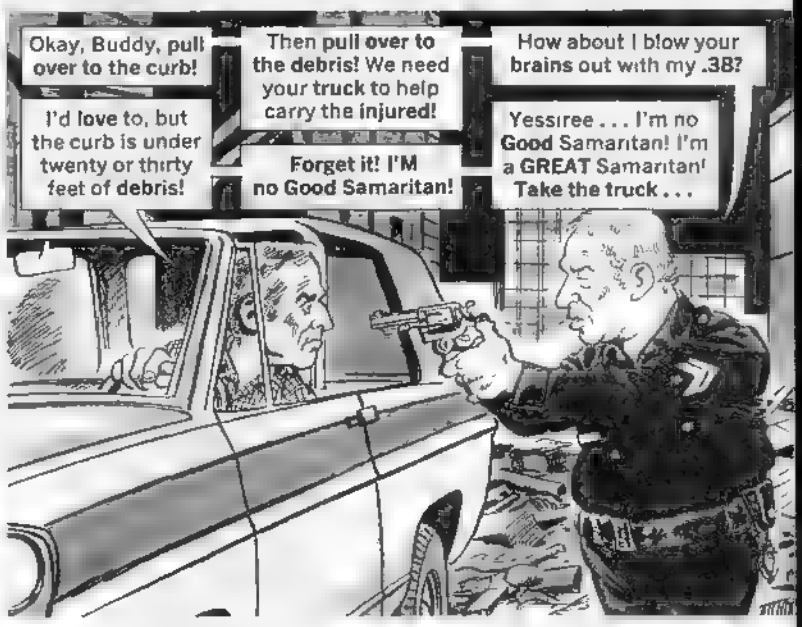
Er . . . tying her to the chair was a great idea! But an even BETTER idea would've been to tie the CHAIR to something!!

25th FLOOR


See . . . ? You were worried about this Dam! It took that giant Earthquake, and it's STILL in one piece!
Yeah! . . . It's in ONE PIECE, all right! But that one piece is six blocks away from where it used to be!
MOTEL

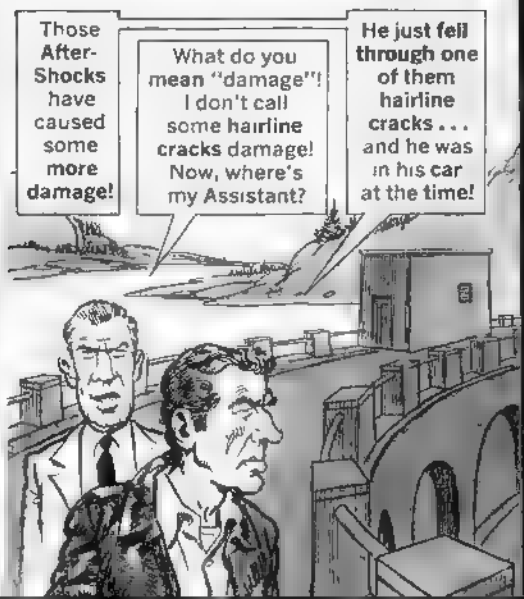

Hold it! I think I'm getting something on my portable radio . . .
This is your Mayor speaking! Please be assured that I know exactly what you're going through! I only wish that I could be there, sharing this experience with you . . . instead of here in beautiful San Francisco! I also know that this is a bad time to bring up the subject of increased Real Estate taxes . . . but . . .
I don't believe what I'm hearing!
Listen, he's better than most Mayors! I'm from New York, and—

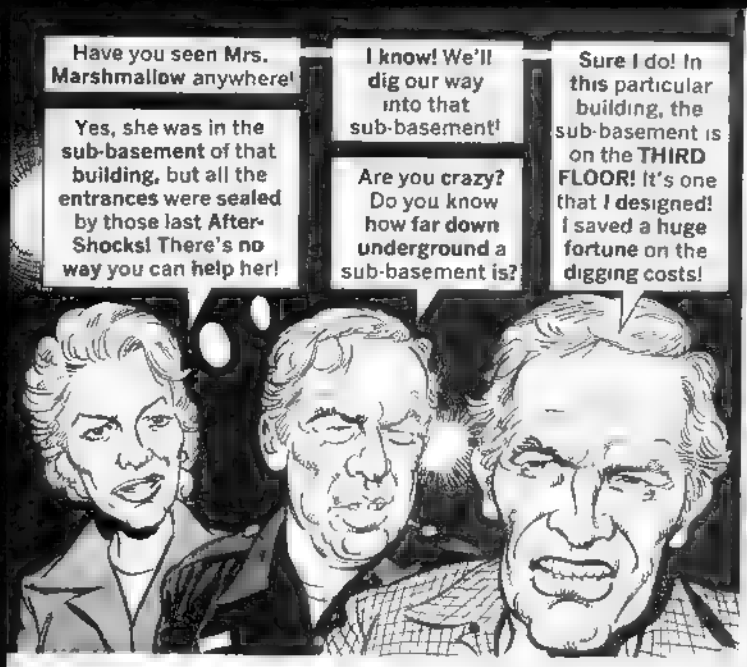

Excuse me, Officer . . . but are there any Pay Phones working?
Not one in the entire City . . . !
Really? Boy . . . that Earthquake did some damage!
Why blame that?! We didn't have any Pay Phones working in this City BEFORE the Earthquake!

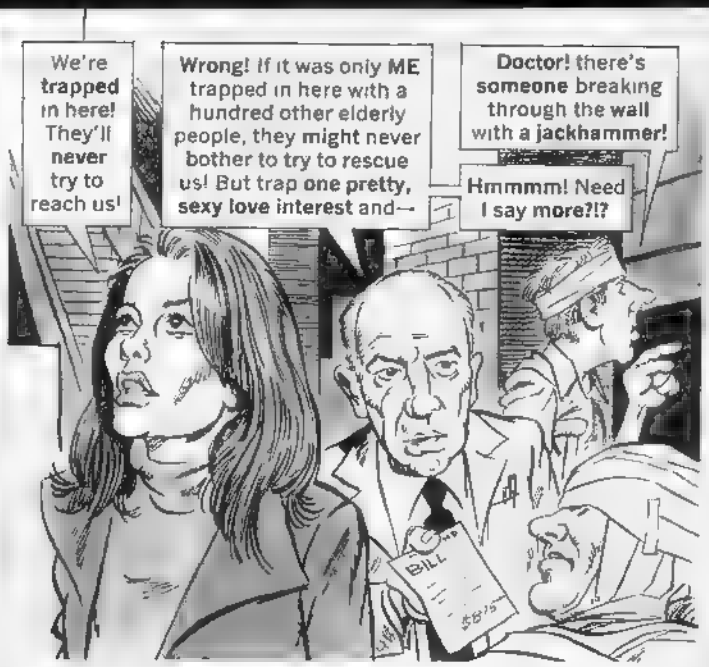

Okay, Buddy, pull over to the curb!
Then pull over to the debris! We need your truck to help carry the injured!
How about I blow your brains out with my .38?
I'd love to, but the curb is under twenty or thirty feet of debris!
Forget it! I'M no Good Samaritan!
Yessiree . . . I'm no Good Samaritan! I'm a GREAT Samaritan! Take the truck . . .

Dr. Vonce, this man just had a massive heart attack!
Is he a celebrity? I'm only treating celebrities!
It's Lorne Greene!
Well, I'll make an exception in this case . . . and treat him anyway!

Look at that man, grinning like an idiot! How can he be so HAPPY during such a disaster!?
Because he's Walter Matthau . . . and he's the only actor in the entire film who doesn't get any CREDIT!


Those After-Shocks have caused some more damage!
What do you mean "damage"! I don't call some hairline cracks damage! Now, where's my Assistant?
He just fell through one of them hairline cracks . . . and he was in his car at the time!

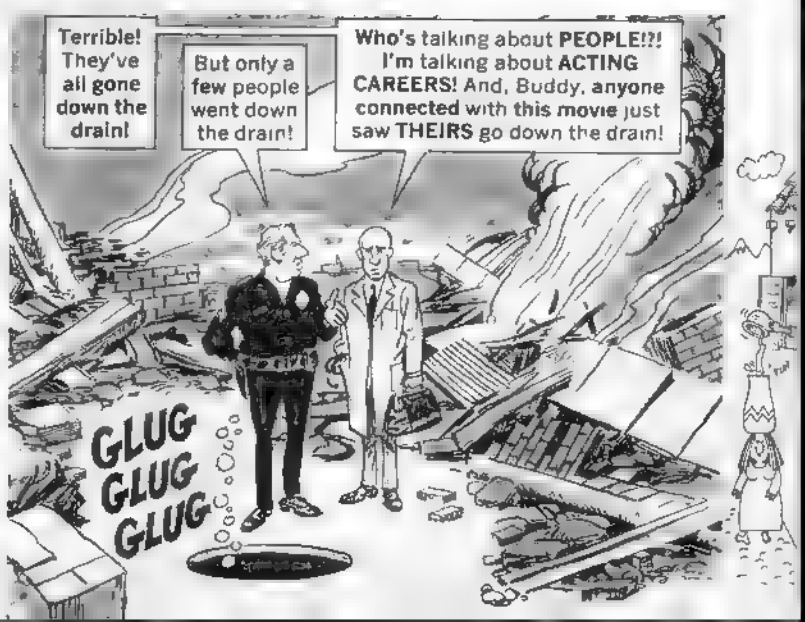

Have you seen Mrs. Marshmallow anywhere!
Yes, she was in the sub-basement of that building, but all the entrances were sealed by those last After-Shocks! There's no way you can help her!
I know! We'll dig our way into that sub-basement!
Are you crazy? Do you know how far down underground a sub-basement is?
Sure I do! In this particular building, the sub-basement is on the THIRD FLOOR! It's one that I designed! I saved a huge fortune on the digging costs!


We're trapped in here! They'll never try to reach us!
Wrong! If it was only ME trapped in here with a hundred other elderly people, they might never bother to try to rescue us! But trap one pretty, sexy love interest and—
Doctor! there's someone breaking through the wall with a jackhammer!
Hmmmm! Need I say more?!?
BILL

Inspector! We've got to abandon this Dam! It's—it's starting to collapse!!
I can SEE that! That's why I'm trying to reduce the pressure by draining off some of the water!!
But, Inspector! With a little CUP!?! At the rate you're going, it will take YEARS!!
Well, don't just STAND there, you idiot! Help me! Get me a BIGGER CUP . . . !

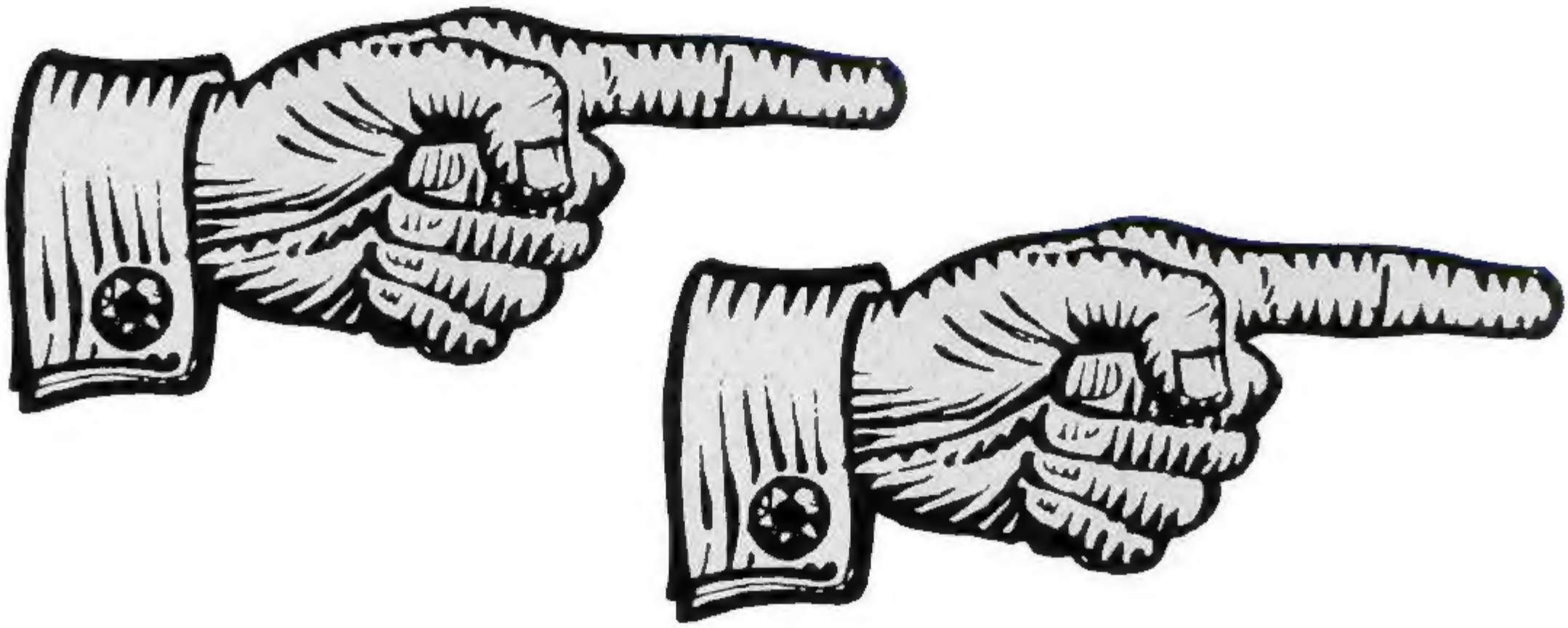
There's no need to panic! Sure, if the Dam breaks, most of us will die like drowning rats in a sinking ship! But Dams have been known to stand up under bigger shocks than the Earthquake we've had today!
LOOK!! Here comes the water! The Dam BROKE!!
Then again, on the other hand—let's GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!

Grief! It's ME! I'm here, and I'm safe!
I know! But Seamy is being carried away by the flood! I've got to save her! This is a TEST . . . !
Of LOVE . . . ?
No . . of STUPIDITY!
Hang on Seamy! I'm coming . . .
Well, there he goes . . . trying to save her . . . choosing sure death to ME! Looks like stupidity won!


Terrible! They've all gone down the drain!
But only a few people went down the drain!
Who's talking about PEOPLE!?! I'm talking about ACTING CAREERS! And, Buddy, anyone connected with this movie just saw THEIRS go down the drain!
GLUG GLUG GLUG

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT UNUSUAL DINING AID WILL SOON BECOME A NECESSITY IN MANY RESTAURANTS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Today, many fine restaurants are desperately trying to keep the quality of their food up, while attempting to hold their prices down. However, as a result of this effort, one special "dining aid" will soon become indispensable to people who love to dine out. To see what this item is, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A MARVELOUS RESTAURANT'S MENU IS ITS ONLY WAY OF SIGNIFYING GOURMET FOOD. LOW PRICES PUT IT IN A SPECIAL CLASS FOR SHREWD DINERS. IN TODAY'S ECONOMY, THIS SORT OF THINKING PORTRAYS THE AVERAGE FOOD LOVER'S CONCERNS AND OPINIONS

A▸ ◂B

WHAT UNUSUAL DINING AID WILL SOON BECOME A NECESSITY IN MANY RESTAURANTS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

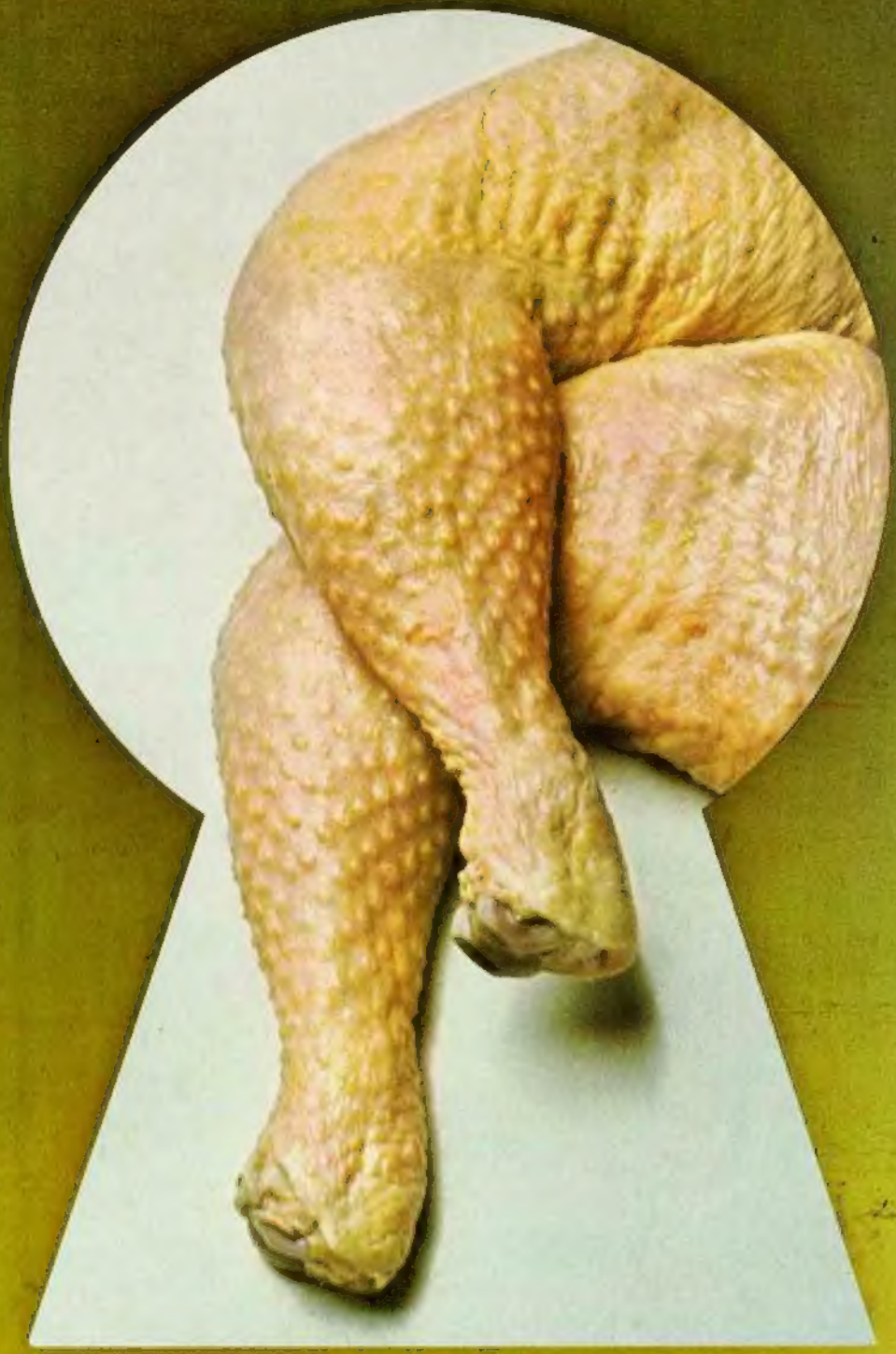
A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A MAGNIFYING GLASS FOR SHRINKING PORTIONS

A▸◂B

A MAD PEEK THROUGH FRANK PERDUE'S KEYHOLE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY GARCIA

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER